

DOWN IN WATER STREET



by

SAMUEL H. HADLEY



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ON THE BOWERY.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost."—St. Luke, 19, 10.

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A Story of sixteen Years' Life and
Work in Water Street Mission
A sequel to the Life of Jerry McAuley

By
SAMUEL H. HADLEY

of the Old Jerry McAuley Mission



NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
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ON THE ROBERT

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(August)

To Her

*who loved me and stood by me
when I was a helpless drunkard,
who stands by me now in Christian work,
my beloved and faithful wife,
this volume is
affectionately dedicated*

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INTRODUCTIONS

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN

TRAVELLING across the country a few weeks ago I had the great pleasure given to me by the author of this book of reading in manuscript the thoughts which are here presented, and I count it not only a pleasure to have read what I am sure will be inspiring to Christian people everywhere, but a very great privilege to write this word of introduction, and for the following reasons:

First of all because I have known the author most intimately for thirteen years. I have studied him in his work, been closely associated with him in his social life and have no hesitation in saying that I am quite sure it would be difficult to find one who has more of the spirit of Christ in his words and work than the Superintendent of the Water Street Mission.

Secondly, because I have known in some cases intimately, and in every case I believe

with more or less of intimacy, each one whose name is mentioned on the pages of this book. They are miracles of grace indeed. I have heard them testify and seen them live, and it would be difficult for one to have sufficient command of language to give to the public any conception of the marvellous work of God which has been wrought in their lives. If to read this story is interesting, as I am sure it will be, what shall I say of the privilege of hearing these men speak who have been redeemed from such great depths of iniquity and so wonderfully kept, many of them in places of temptation and sorest trial.

Dr. Arthur T. Pierson once said, "If you would like to feel as if you were reading a new chapter of the Acts of the Apostles it would be well for you to visit the old Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission," and to this sentiment expressed by this great Bible teacher I breathe a hearty amen. I do not believe it is sacrilegious for me to say that if Jesus were here upon earth in the flesh, he would do first the work which the Superintendent of this Mission and his co-labourers are striving to do with such eminent success, for the outcast and down-trodden members of society. Neither can I be misun-

derstood when I say that if Jesus were here I could quite imagine him walking the streets of New York by day and by night going down into subcellars and climbing rickety stairs into high attics, making his way into dens of iniquity and reaching down into the depths to save the lost, much as S. H. Hadley goes about our city streets not only but into every other city where time and opportunity are given to him to labour.

It has been my privilege to know many true men of God, but without any hesitation I can say in this introductory note, that of all the men I have known no one has ever moved me more strangely and inspired me more truly with the spirit of the Master whom he serves than S. H. Hadley, the author of this book. May God's best blessing speed his message to a countless number of souls.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

*Fourth Presbyterian Church,
New York.*

JOHN WESLEY JOHNSTON

A BOOK written by the Superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Mission in Water street, needs no introduction from me; for the fame of this mission is world-wide, and its honoured and successful Superintendent is known to all Christian people. But as it has been my great privilege to attend many of the meetings in the McAuley Mission, and to know by direct personal acquaintance, a number of those whom it has rescued from drunkenness and degradation, perhaps I may be permitted to add a word by way of simple testimony.

Soon after my coming to New York in 1888 to assume the pastorate of the Sixty-first Street Methodist Episcopal Church, I became acquainted with Mr. Hadley, and the Mission on Water street. When in St. John's, Brooklyn, I enjoyed visiting the Mission, and took occasion in every possible way to commend it to Christians of all denominations. But since coming to "Old John Street," and finding in that church, among the most honoured and reliable in its membership, converts from Water street, and hearing from their lips stories of re-

deeming grace similar to many in this book, my interest in the Jerry McAuley Mission has so deepened that it is only second to that I have for the church of which I am now Pastor.

Most cordially do I commend this book and pray for it the largest possible circulation. I have read it with profound interest. It has stirred my soul most strangely. Many times in the reading I have been moved to tears and then again my heart has throbbed in praise and thankfulness. The simple, artless way in which these incidents are told, gives to the book one of its highest charms, and yet adds all the more to its effectiveness. There is no attempt at the dramatic or the tragic, yet both are here; just as there are touches of fine humour and delicate pathos. May God bless this book! And may He bless its writer and spare him for many years to the work which he is conducting with such success!

J. WESLEY JOHNSTON.

*Old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church,
New York.*

PREFACE

IN setting forth the following pages, I must confess to a sense of fear and weakness, for I am fully aware of the radical character of the book, and also of the suspicion and doubt with which it will be read by many. But I have made no statement which cannot be verified. It is all about hideous, ravaging, soul-destroying sin, also of the power of God to destroy sin. Some may say: "How is it that such monstrous cases come to Water street, and after being redeemed make such remarkable soul winners?" Well, sin is the only thing which separates man from God; yet had we not sinned, the Lamb of God would never have come into this world to save us from our sins. By Him we have access to the Father.

I wish I could persuade godly men who read this book to help rescue work along! It is the connecting link between the lost, godless world and the Church of Christ. There are thousands of splendid men and women to-day in the saloons of New York alone, who are only wait-

ing for some kind, friendly hand and heart to help them out into God's sunshine, and who would make their mark, and would make better soul winners for the awful lesson they have learned. The writer does not advocate this schooling, however, as a part of a theological training, but God can take the base things of the world, and the things which are despised—yea, and the things which are not, to bring to naught the things that are.

It is the purpose of the writer, after having worked among the drunkards and criminal classes for sixteen years in the famous old McAuley Mission of Water Street, to place before the world some of his experiences, with the view of encouraging those who are engaged in similar work and others who have the burden of this lost and dying world upon their souls. A great history might be written of the happenings in this work during these sixteen years, but a detailed account is impossible. We want to show, however, how some success has been achieved, and also mention some of our defeats; for we found long years ago that we often learn more in defeat than in victory.

I have not written much about rescuing women: it is too large a subject to bring into

this book. We have been most marvellously blessed, however, in saving lost women. I have seen many such raised from the very pit by the touch of Jesus and made glorious women, beautiful, sweet characters till the day of their death. My experience in this work is that a woman falls through love nine times out of ten, and she must be reached by love if she is ever restored. How many times my heart has bled when I have tried to aid some high-strung, sensitive young girl to a place of safety.

I pray God that those who read this book may realize that thousands of bright jewels—men and women—are lying to-day in the slime of the saloons, simply waiting for loving hands and hearts to gather them in. Who will respond to this call from Him, Who “came to seek and to save that which was lost?”

SAMUEL HOPKINS HADLEY.

JERRY McAULEY

Down in Water Street

I

JERRY MCAULEY

“**M**ADAM, do you know Jesus?”
“Faith, and Who is He?”

This brief conversation on a stairway on Cherry Hill in the Fourth Ward of New York in 1868 disturbed the drunken slumbers of Jerry McAuley, who lay on the floor of his room a few feet away, trying to sleep off a debauch. The first question was asked by a missionary, and the second by a belligerent woman of ample proportions, who barred his way.

When Jerry heard the salutation of the missionary—“Madam, do you know Jesus?” he began to pull himself up from the floor. No one ever knows what that name will do, and whose heart it will pierce, when mentioned in love. Jesus! Jesus!

Jerry was a hard looking sight. He has

often told the writer how he had an old hat on that looked as if it had come out of a tar-pot, a ragged pair of trousers stuck in the tops of his boots, a tattered red shirt, and, to finish the outfit, a murderous-looking face. As he came out on the landing, the missionary was afraid of him, and ran down stairs. Jerry followed him, and walking toward him, said:

“What was that you said to that woman? Whose name was that you mentioned? I used to love that name once, but I’ve lost it;” and then he began to cry. The man saw that something had touched his heart, and he took him to the Home for Little Wanderers on New Bowery, and had him sign the pledge. That was about as far as rescue work had advanced then. We think in Water Street that a pledge is of little importance. We do not think that a bankrupt’s signature amounts to much.

Jerry McAuley was born in Ireland in 1837. He immigrated to this country at the age of thirteen years, and was brought up in the Fourth Ward by his grandmother. He soon got beyond her control and became a thief. At the age of nineteen, he was sentenced to Sing Sing prison for a term of fifteen years and six months.

In the prison chapel, one Sunday morning, "Awful Gardner," a noted prize-fighter, an all-round ruffian, whom Jerry had known prior to going to prison, was preaching. Gardner had been converted in a most wonderful manner, and was now spending his life telling the story of Jesus to all whom he could get to listen to him.

On a front bench, beside Jerry, in the chapel that morning, sat Phil. McGuire, who for some years past has been our trusted and beloved janitor and co-worker, of whom more will be spoken hereafter.

Jerry looked up as he heard Gardner's voice, and as Gardner went on, with tears streaming down his face, telling of the love of Jesus, Jerry was convicted of sin, and said: "That man is honest."

Gardner told them that if he had his deserts he would be down among them wearing the "stripes." He quoted some passage of Scripture that impressed itself on Jerry, and when they were dismissed, and he had gone back to his cell, Jerry looked in the ventilator and found a Bible. Dusting it off, he tried to read, but with some difficulty. He had never had a Bible in his hands before, and he looked aim-

lessly to find the passage that Gardner had quoted. He never found that particular verse, but he did find in that precious Book that Jesus died for sinners, and the Holy Spirit showed him that he was a sinner.

As the long Sabbath wore away, he got up and paced to and fro in the narrow limits of his cell, and finally got on his knees and began to pray. I do not know how long he prayed, but soon the light of Heaven shone in his darkened cell, and into his much darker heart, and the blessed Saviour appeared and told him that his sins were forgiven.

Jerry could never be made to believe that it was not the light of Heaven that had shone into his cell. He shouted and shouted,

"I've found Jesus! I've found Jesus! O bless the Lord, I've found Jesus!" The unusual sound attracted the keeper, and he threw the rays of his dark lantern on Jerry as he was praising God in his lowly cell. In rough tones he shouted:

"What's the matter with you?"

"I've found Jesus!" replied Jerry.

"I'll put you in the 'cooler' in the morning," the keeper said, and put down his number. Jerry said:

“The Lord made him forget it, for I was never put in the cooler for it.”

This was Jerry McAuley's conversion. He immediately went to work with an ardour and courage that would put many of us missionaries to shame. Under the rules of the prison at that time, very little opportunity was given to speak to anyone. Only as they were marching to and fro, with lockstep, from prison to workshop, from workshop to meals, and then back to prison again, could he speak to the man in front and the one behind, telling the burning news that was filling his soul, that he had found Jesus, that his sins were pardoned, and how happy he was in his new-found joy.

At the table he was able to speak to the one on his right hand, and the one on his left, but even with this limited opportunity a wonderful revival broke out in the prison as a result of Jerry's labours.

The first convert that God gave Jerry was a man named Jack Dare, who had led in a revolt that had cost many lives, and who had been severely punished. When he came out, he looked at Jerry, raised his eyes toward Heaven, and pointed upward. There was such a look of peace and joy in his face that Jerry knew

he too had met Jesus, and it made him supremely happy.

Missionaries of the city went up, and every opportunity was given them by the management. Bible classes were formed of the converts, and wonderful work was done for God. Jerry was the centre of all this activity. It resulted in his being pardoned by Governor John A. Dix, in 1864. He then came back to the Fourth Ward. No friendly hand was held out then as now, here in Water street, to help the ex-convict back to an honest and useful life.

Jerry fell. He took a room over a saloon; in fact, there were few other places where one could get a room, and some one offered him a glass of beer. Beer was a new beverage to Jerry, as it was placed in the saloons after Jerry had been sent away. Some one said:

“Why, Jerry, a glass of beer won’t hurt you,” just so they will say to you, dear reader. Jerry took the fatal glass, and fell.

I would like to record here my opinion of lager beer. I think that if ever there was a holiday in hell, it was when lager beer was invented. Thousands of good, honest housewives and mothers bringing up families, doing

their own work, weak and toil-worn, can be induced to take a glass of beer, and thereby become habitual drunkards; and yet under no conditions whatever would they take a glass of whiskey to begin with.

The mother says to the pretty, fair-haired girl: "Mamie, take this pail and go to the corner and bring mother a pint of beer."

The little one, anxious to please her mother, skips down stairs with the tin pail and goes into the corner saloon. It is some time before she is seen by the barkeeper, who is busy talking to the many loafers, thieves and bums that infest the place.

There she hears words which poison her ears forever. After awhile he takes her money—seven cents—and gives her a pint of beer. Back she goes to mamma, and, as this is repeated often, she wonders what it is that mamma likes so well, and she begins to sip this deadly stuff.

Years afterwards, when her body is pulled out of the East River, it is recognized as "Mamie's," and is carried dripping to her desolate home, and the writer goes in to comfort the mother.

"Oh, Mr. Hadley," said she, "I can't im-

agine what made Mamie go wrong; I always tried to raise her right."

I cannot find it in my heart to tell her it was the pail of beer which Mamie had to bring so often for her mother that was the beginning of her downward career.

It was after Jerry fell that his reputation was made as a criminal, and he became a terror to the police and all honest people in the Fourth Ward. He had a room at No. 17 Cherry Hill, and lived there with Maria, who afterwards became his wife, and with one Tom Wilson and another woman.

Jerry was a noted river thief at this time, and with his chum, Tom Wilson, kept a boat hid under one of the docks, and in it he and Tom would make excursions on the East River, and while one would stay in the boat, the other would climb up the side of a ship anchored in the stream and steal anything he could lay his hands on.

Jerry McAuley, like the Prodigal Son, came to himself, as a result of the great John Allen excitement of 1868. John Allen was one of the numerous dive keepers in Water Street. He had an infamous dance house right below

where our Mission now is, where the old barrel and cooperage house is located.

In that day the churches had gone up town to follow their members who had grown rich, and had left, pretty much to the devil, the older and humbler part of the city, where they were born and raised.

One Sunday afternoon three missionaries were passing along Water Street in front of Allen's notorious dance house. In a spirit of drunken fun Allen asked the women to come in and hold a prayer meeting in his saloon.

The devil often oversteps himself, and he certainly did in this instance.

The missionaries said that they would do so if Allen would close the bar. This he agreed to do. These Christian ladies held a simple service of song, prayer and testimony, asking those present to forsake their evil ways.

Allen asked the visitors to come the following Sunday, which they promised to do.

He then went to "The New York Herald" office and told the editor that he had turned his dance house into a prayer meeting. "The Herald" gave this statement wide publicity, and on the next Sunday the place was

packed, and the street also. This was the beginning of the great historic John Allen excitement.

The condition of things in this neighbourhood at that time was dreadful beyond description; in fact, it was so notorious that merchants and visitors from a distance would get carriages, and taking a detective for a guide, ride through the district to see the sights.

Almost every door led to a dive or a dance hall. Sounds of revelry, clinking glasses, curses and fighting would issue forth until broad daylight. Kit Burns's rat pit was just below Dover Street, where his illustrious son-in-law, "Jack the Rat," would bite the head off a rat before an audience of sightseers, and pass the hat for a collection.

After the John Allen excitement broke out, some missionaries were sent down here by Mrs. Robert Hoe to distribute tracts and to see if any chance for Christian work presented itself.

While a missionary named Little was going up the stairway at No. 17 Cherry Hill, nearly in the rear of our Mission, his passage was disputed by a woman, and in self-defence he presented her with a tract, asking the question with which this chapter begins:

"Madam, do you know Jesus?"

After Jerry had gone to the Home for Little Wanderers with Mr. Little, and signed the pledge, he returned to his rooms, with a little picture pledge card between his fingers, and said to Tom Wilson:

"I've signed the pledge."

"Bully for you," said Tom, who had made a raise of a bottle of gin since Jerry had left; "let's take a drink on it."

"All right," said Jerry, "but this shall be the last."

And they took a drink over the pledge.

Jerry stayed in all that day and night, and all the next day until late at night, when the women began to curse him and told him to go out and steal something to buy whiskey with, and Jerry and Tom started to go to the river; where Roosevelt Street crosses Cherry Hill, they met the missionary, Mr. Little.

It was a rainy and uncomfortable night. The missionary suspected something of their errand. He said:

"Jerry, where are you going?" Jerry said:

"I can't starve."

"Oh, Jerry," said he, "before I'd see you

steal I'd take the coat off my back and pawn it."

Jerry looked at the coat and saw that it would not bring over fifty cents at the pawnshop, and said:

"If you love me that way, I'll die before I'll steal."

"Jerry," said the missionary, "let me give you a text of Scripture: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added.'"

Jerry said: "I'll take it;" and turning to Tom he said:

"Good-bye, Tom; from now on our roads lie far apart."

Tom said: "You blankety, blank fool; do you think the Lord will send you down a beefsteak?"

"Yes," said Jerry, "I do, and if He don't, I'll starve."

The first time Jerry related this to the writer, we were sitting at his table in the Cremorne Mission with Maria, his beloved wife. Before us was a savory porterhouse steak. And Jerry said, significantly:

"He has sent us down a beefsteak, hasn't he, Brother Hadley?"

Mr. Little was making his home at that time with a godly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Smith, who lived in Monroe Street. Mrs. Smith was a missionary for Mrs. Hoe. They conceived the plan of taking Jerry down to their home, and did so the day after the conversation above mentioned. In due time they all arrived, and after the supper was over, Mrs. Smith said: "Let's have a little prayer meeting." They sang a hymn, read a chapter out of God's Book, and knelt down to pray. Sister Smith began to talk to the Lord about the immortal souls around her, pleading for their salvation.

Jerry, in relating the incident to the writer, said: "I thought my knees would bust, and I looked through my fingers to see if she wasn't almost ready to quit. Her pleading face was turned to Heaven, tears streaming from her eyes, as she was talking to Jesus about me, and I said: 'Oh, that woman loves my soul.'"

What happened then I did not hear from Jerry, but from an eye-witness, Brother Smith. He said:

"There was a shock came into the room, something similar to a flash of lightning, which every one present saw and felt."

Jerry fell down on his side prone on the floor, with tears streaming from his eyes.

"Oh, Jesus, You did come back; You did come back! Bless your dear name!"

Jerry's companions were so frightened by what they saw that they sprang from their knees, ran out of the house and fled down the street.

Jerry fell again and again, five times within the next eight months, and got fighting drunk. Many of our uptown church brethren, if their missionary or pastor were to pick up a drunken loafer, who would get drunk and come in and try to whip the pastor four or five times within the first year, would get discouraged and say:

"I do wish our pastor would not spend his time on such fellows."

However some friends were faithful to Jerry; among them was Mr. A. S. Hatch, at that time one of the most prominent bankers in Wall Street, and to whom more than to any other one man should credit be given for the success of the glorious work of Jerry McAuley. Mr. Hatch stood by him through thick and thin. Jerry, like all other ex-convicts who start for Heaven, found it hard to obtain em-



JERRY MCAULEY.

ployment. At one time he obtained a position to help build a ferry slip at Catherine Street. The contractor, who was supposedly a Christian man, compelled his hands to work on Sunday. Jerry said:

"No, I won't work on Sunday. I am a Christian." He was at once discharged.

At that time meetings were being held in the Allen house, and Mr. Hatch had come down. Jerry stood outside, discouraged. Mr. Hatch said:

"Jerry, what's the matter?"

"Can't get work. What's the use of a man being a Christian?" said Jerry. "They wanted me to work on Sunday, and because I wouldn't do it, I was discharged. Now I suppose I can starve."

"Why, Jerry," said Mr. Hatch, "I have a bank full of money in Wall Street; come down and get all you want."

"If that's so, Mr. Hatch," said Jerry, "I don't want any of it, if you are so good to me."

It gave Jerry encouragement. Mr. Hatch got him in the Custom House at four dollars a day, and Jerry thought his fortune made; but

he was too honest a man for the place, and spoke right out when he saw things that were not being done right.

He soon got his walking papers. Mr. Hatch then placed him on his splendid yacht down in South Brooklyn, at a good salary. There he sat under a beautiful awning, and all he had to do was to watch the yacht and "drink lemonade out of a silver pitcher."

Reader, I want to tell you a secret. Every drunkard uses tobacco. Now, mind you, I am speaking of the drunkard. I have heard it reported that some good deacons, and even ministers, use it; but I am speaking now of the drunkard. They all use tobacco. Tobacco and rum are sisters-in-law, and if you marry one, the chances are that the other will often visit you.

Jerry was no exception to this rule. He was a great user of the weed. Some faithful Christians went to him and said: "Jerry, give up your tobacco for Jesus' sake." He gave it up, and never fell afterward.

He would never allow any one to read the lesson in his Mission, be he convert, layman or minister, if he knew that he used tobacco.

Jerry had a vision one day, while wide

awake, as he sat thinking how men might be brought to Jesus. He saw a great procession of men, lost, ragged, hungry, helpless and wretched, coming into a building, and somehow they were fed, clothed, and came out looking clean, comfortable and happy. Jerry never saw this vision fulfilled completely in his lifetime, but it has been since his death, in the Water Street Mission, and we refer the reader to the picture, "Waiting for their Christmas Dinner."

THE FIRST RESCUE MISSION

II

THE FIRST RESCUE MISSION

IN 1872, four years after Jerry's reclamation, he conceived the idea of starting a Mission to rescue men who, like himself, had no one to help them. Mr. Hatch did much to aid him. Mr. William E. Dodge and his sons, young men then, also stood by him. Jerry went to camp meetings at Sea Cliff, Ocean Grove and Sing Sing, and collected quite a sum of money for this purpose.

Thus the first Rescue Mission in the world, —where the drunkard was more welcome than the sober man, the thief than the honest man, the harlot than the beautiful, pure woman,— was started by Jerry McAuley, October 8, 1872, at 316 Water Street, New York.

His dear wife, Maria, stood by him, and I might as well mention here as anywhere something else about this most gifted woman. She was touched by the Holy Spirit and remained for a while in the building which later became the Water Street Mission.

Jerry was permitted, in the days of his poverty, to sleep there occasionally. His anxiety for Maria was the greatest care of his life. Christian friends gathered about her and encouraged her. She then went to Massachusetts, and God in His wonderful love saved her and removed from her the appetite for drink.

Through the efforts of Mr. Hatch and other kind friends Jerry and Maria were married, and lived together a few years before the Mission was started. While Jerry attended to his work, Maria was a Bible reader visiting all the families in the neighbourhood and reading and praying with the poor and needy. When they started their Mission, Maria could play a few tunes on the organ, and Jerry could sing only two or three. Some of the first families brought to Christ after the Mission was started, were those that had been found by Mrs. McAuley in her missionary work.

Hordes of Irish Catholics poured in to see Jerry McAuley, the ex-thief, who had "turned preacher." Stones were often thrown in from the outside, and men were fighting on the inside. Often when the music was started, and Jerry had to go down the aisle to throw

someone out of the door, he would stop the tune, and after coming back to the platform would take it up where he had left off.

Through all this trying time, Jerry was encouraged and sustained by his dear wife, Sister Maria, and much of the success attributed to him should be given to her. She is one of the most successful women the writer has ever met, and he has been brought in touch with many of the most influential women in this land. She was able, by the simplicity of her loving heart, to point many a poor, blind sinner to Christ. Mrs. McAuley was one of the bravest and brainiest of women, and she linked child-like devotion to good common sense in both the higher and lower walks of life.

In the after meetings which she held in the Mission, some of the men would be sneering, some crying, some drunk, some sober, and some trying to insult her; yet she saw nothing but the poor lost souls and the precious Saviour standing near. Her faith was marvellous. She paid no attention to an insult or a sneer, but went on in her simple way telling the inquirers that Jesus alone could help; and I have seen the hardest natures yield under her touch.

I do not think that enough credit has been given to her in the thousands of pages that have been written about Rescue Work.

After Jerry's death his widow carried on a Mission for years at the Cremorne in West Thirty-second street. Finally, her health broke down, and she was obliged to give it up. She married a gentleman of distinction, who was for years a trustee of the Mission, a friend and counsellor to Jerry—Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, a prominent architect of this city. She still lives a happy and devoted wife, and has in no wise lost her love for saving perishing souls; though not publicly at the head of any work, she gives her strength and means for this purpose as far as she is able.

It is with gratitude that the writer pays this tribute to one from whom he has learned so much, and to whom not only he but thousands of others owe so much.

The blessing of God was upon the work at Water Street from the very start. The most hardened men—ex-convicts, thieves, sailors, captains and mates of ships,—came in, and the Spirit of God got hold of them. Listening to Jerry's testimony of how he was saved, they would get under conviction and give their



MRS. BRADFORD L. GILBERT.
Formerly Mrs. M. McAuley.

hearts to Jesus. Not only were the lowest people of the city saved here, but many in the highest society were captured for His cause. Many cases could be mentioned, but one will have to suffice.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Whittemore came down here to see the novelty—Jerry McAuley, a saved thief, leading a meeting. They were Christians, or at least they thought so. Mrs. Whittemore says that she was of that character of church people so prevalent—“a card-playing, theatre-going, dancing Christian” She never had seen anything like what she saw here, and when the invitation was given for those who wanted to come to Christ to hold up their hands, she raised her hand, and husband and wife both knelt amid the crowd of tramps who had come up for prayer. Jesus met them, and sanctified that gifted woman for His work. Who can describe the wonderful change that took place that night in those lives! This cultured, wealthy and beautiful woman then and there gave her life to God. What that one woman has done is almost incredible, and would be entirely so, were it not for the fact that Jesus has been with her and has stood by her from that day until now.

Mrs. Whittemore organized the "Door of Hope," for lost and helpless girls, carried on entirely by faith, and from that has sprung some fifty or more "Doors of Hope" throughout the country. Thousands of girls have been reached by this consecrated woman, many restored to mothers, many happily married, and many have gone home to be with Jesus.

Let us look this matter of rescuing lost women squarely in the face. What is the attitude of the Church, or the majority of Christian people, when a girl takes a false step, possibly with no criminal intent? Do we move Heaven and earth to bring her back to the path of safety? Do we help her by our love and strong arms to climb again the rugged heights from which she has fallen to her ruin, and then do we stand by her? I fear we do not. Instead of this, I have seen Society and the Church turn a deaf ear to her entreaties until her case has become hopeless. This is a mighty question.

People often ask: "Do not women fall lower than men?" Yes, they do—to human eyes. They are naturally higher than men, and they have to fall lower, and then sink into the depths of degradation in order to keep down, or their conscience would drive them to suicide.



MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE.
Founder of The Door of Hope.

“ No matter how wayward her footsteps have been;
No matter how deeply she's sunken in sin;
No matter what elements canker the pearl—
Tho' lost and forsaken, she's some mother's girl.”

Jerry carried on his work for ten years at No. 316 Water Street. He finally concluded that this was a worked-out mine, and through the providence of God located a Mission at No. 104 West Thirty-second Street, known far and near as the Cremorne Mission. It was a part of the Cremorne Garden, an infamous resort for men and women. The lease had expired, and Jerry secured it and started one of the finest missions in the land at that very spot, January 8, 1882.

It was there that the writer was converted, April 23, 1882.

When Jerry went to the Cremorne the work in Water Street was left in the hands of one of the converts, Mr. John O'Neil. He remained but a short time. Then Mr. J. F. Shorey, a redeemed drunkard, who was captured at Moody's great meeting in the Hippodrome, was placed in charge of the work.

Jerry's health failed rapidly after he moved uptown; in fact, he had been a sufferer from consumption for years. The extra labour of

opening and carrying on the new and larger work proved beyond his strength. He died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs, October 18, 1884. His last words to his faithful wife, who was holding his hands, were:

"It is all right up there."

Jerry McAuley had one of the largest private funerals ever held in this city. For an outpouring of people, big, little, rich and poor, his funeral exceeded anything ever seen. The services were held in the Broadway Tabernacle. The house was not only packed to the utmost, but the streets in front and on the sides were so crowded that one could not drive or walk through them. It was a great tribute of love from the people to the man who had given his life to save others.

Jerry's anecdotes were exceedingly interesting, and in his testimony he would relate many of the experiences of his life. Shortly after his reclamation, when this building was used as a sort of Sailor's Reading Room, and frequented by the seamen when they were out of work, a sea captain came in one day looking for sailors.

He saw Jerry, and went up to the old man

who kept the place, and pointing his finger at Jerry, said:

“Is that the kind of people you keep here? He’s a dirty thief, and a scoundrel. He robbed my ship and stole a hundred dollars’ worth of sugar, and he ought to be in the ‘Pen.’” He then began to curse and swear at Jerry. Jerry didn’t know what to do. He had stolen the sugar, but it was before Jesus had pardoned his sins.

What could this man understand of the step he had taken? While this ruffian was venting his spleen, Jerry silently lifted his heart to God, and then said:

“Captain, you are right; I did steal that sugar; but since then I have given my heart to God and Jesus has saved me from all that kind of a life.”

He had been working and had saved \$100, and he had it in the bureau at their home in Pearl Street. He said: “I have a hundred dollars, and if you’ll come home with me I’ll pay you for your sugar.”

“You pay a hundred dollars, you dirty thief; you haven’t one hundred cents. You would like to get me into your house to murder me.”

"No one shall touch you," said Jerry; "come with me and I'll pay you." Jerry hated to say this, as this was the first money he had saved in his life. The captain kept on cursing, and refused to come.

"You will come," said Jerry, as he took him by the coat-collar, "and I'll give you the money." It was impossible for the captain to get away from Jerry, and after a while he went more peacefully, muttering:

"You have a hundred dollars! You thief!"

At last they reached the house and Jerry unlocked the door. The sweat stood on the captain's face, and he became more decent.

"Jerry," he said, "I believe you are just fool enough to pay that money.

"Yes, sir," answered Jerry, "here it is."

"Well, Jerry," said the captain, "I stole the sugar before you stole it from me, so keep your hundred dollars."

Jerry would add in relating this experience: "This is how God would help me when I got into a scrape on account of my old rascality."

MY CALL TO WATER STREET

III

MY CALL TO WATER STREET

ON May 30, 1886, the writer took charge of the Water Street Mission. Never shall I forget that day! After struggling for nearly two years after my conversion, I had finally gotten into a profitable business with an income of \$2,500 a year, and with good prospects of a permanent future.

I considered the call to work in Water Street the most important a man could have, and my wife and I spent many days in prayer. Strange to say, we both got our answer reading the Scripture—Isaiah lviii: 3-12.

Friends of the Mission decided to give us a great send-off. From the parlours I could look down into the room. It was filled, with well-dressed people, Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, presiding. When I saw the crowd I was frightened. I went into my bedroom and dropped on my knees and said:

“Lord, if you have really called me to this work, give me one soul.”

How often have I thought of that prayer since! I could as well have had a score of souls. The meeting went on. At the close I gave the invitation, saying:

“Is there one man here who would like to come to Christ?” One, and only one, raised his hand. The Lord did the best He could, according to my faith. He gave me the biggest bum and drunkard in the house. He sat on the last seat by the door, as he was too drunk to get any further.

One of my friends had found him the night before in a stale beer dive in Mulberry Bend, and had asked him to come down.

“Give me fifteen cents and I’ll come,” said he. My friend gave him the fifteen cents, and after spending it for whiskey, two drinks for five cents, and all the rest he could get, he came in very drunk. I said:

“If there are any needy souls, come up here.” He started, but was so drunk he fell to the floor. Ready hands helped him to the front. He was a fearful looking object—six feet four inches high, weighing 260 pounds, and had on only two garments, such as they were—an old pair of breeches tied around him with a piece of clothes line, and a jumper, both

too short, there being a wide space between the two where there was nothing but the bare skin.

The ladies gave him all the room he wanted to kneel in. My wife, Mrs. Sherwood our missionary, and also Mrs. Stephen Merritt, who were present, knelt with him and prayed.

Hundreds of times have I heard him tell the story in his broad Scotch dialect:

“I came in drunk and I went out sober, and the best of it is, I’ve been sober ever since. Whatever prayer it was I made that night I don’t remember, but the Lord heard it, and the best of it is, He has answered it ever since. I was not fit to sleep in a bed that night. No lodging house would have kept me, so I went to Shinbone Alley in Bleecker Street and took the soft side of a trunk. I went to work in a few days carrying a hod.”

He was known at that time as “Scottie the Bum.” Born in Glasgow, he was a drunkard from youth, and before he was seventeen years old he was committed to prison for drunkenness for one year. He was sent to America, as so many drunkards are, and wandered all over the country drinking rum, walking ties when he could not ride a freight train, sinking

lower and lower in the clutches of whiskey, until he was found by my friend. He secured work at carrying a hod. He joined the Tile-layers Helpers' Union after he got work, and soon became the treasurer. He was the door-keeper in the Central Labour Union for years on Sunday afternoons. Finally he was chosen walking delegate, and for seven years was elected every six months.

He formed one of the Board of Walking Delegates of the Trades Union of New York. "Big Jim," as he came to be called in these days, helped settle some of the biggest strikes in our city by his manly, candid truthfulness and hard Scotch common sense. He was finally elected Grand Marshal of the Labour Day parade, and rode down Broadway on a big bay horse at the head of fifteen thousand of the best workmen in New York. He married a Christian woman from the Florence Crittenton Mission.

Wishing to find other employment, he went to work for the City and Suburban Homes Company, and from a humble position he has, by his sterling integrity, worked his way up, until he is now one of the superintendents, hav-



JAMES C. EDWARDS.



MRS. J. C. EDWARDS.
Died June 2d, 1902.

ing a lot of men under him and many houses to care for. He also has a home of his own.

Instead of "Scottie the Bum," or "Big Jim," he has been known and loved for years as Mr. J. C. Edwards.

MY LIFE STORY

IV

MY LIFE STORY

I WAS born in Malta Township, Morgan County, Ohio, on the banks of the Muskingum River, August 27, 1842, the youngest of six children. My father was a New Hampshire man, who went West when young to seek his fortune. My mother was the daughter of a Congregational clergyman in Massachusetts. Her only brother, Samuel Hopkins Riddell, after whom I am named, was also a clergyman. My grandmother on my mother's side was a Hopkins.

Her father founded the Hopkins Academy in Old Hadley, Mass. On my mother's side I am a direct descendant of the famous divine, Jonathan Edwards.

After my mother's education was finished she, too, went to Ohio to teach. My father was a partner of the Buckinghams, of Zanesville and Putnam, Ohio. He afterwards moved to Malta, and bored two salt wells there. He failed in the great crisis of 1837, but had

invested for my mother and bought a section of land from the Government in Perry County adjoining.

There father moved with his family in the dead of winter, in 1845. We moved into a log house in the "forest primeval" that surrounded us. This section of land lay on the dividing ridges of Sunday Creek and Monday Creek, in Salt Lick Township, Perry County, Ohio.

In our log cabin home I could lie on my bed and see the stars through the cracks of the roof, and feel the snow sifting down upon my face in the winter time. We were lulled to sleep by the barking of foxes and the hooting of the owls in the woods around us, and were awakened in the morning by the chattering of the grey squirrels near our windows. From my earliest recollection I was raised to clearing land; helping to get our large farm under cultivation. The heft of the work devolved upon my elder brother, Henry H., and myself. My oldest brother, William, died in the university at Delaware, Ohio, as he was about to finish his education.

I had two sisters living, older than myself,



Yours for the Last
A. H. Bailey

Lucy Hopkins and Hannah Eastman. The eldest child, a girl, died in early infancy. My sisters were converted in the old log meeting-house which my beloved father built and gave to the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was dedicated as "Young's Chapel," after the celebrated Methodist preacher, the Rev. Jacob Young, D.D. They were about twelve years old when they were marvellously saved at the "mourners' bench," and received a definite baptism of the Holy Spirit. The eldest, Lucy, died in 1879. She prayed for me until the last. Shortly before her death she said to her husband:

"Robert, Hopp will be saved."

"How do you know?" said he, who was at that time an unbeliever.

"Because Jesus told me so," she said.

My younger sister, Mrs. Hannah E. Allen, is living to-day, surrounded by her children and grandchildren.

The neighbourhood in which we lived was very primitive; entirely a farming section. Most of the people lived in log cabins, and opportunities for education were very meagre. I attended school altogether about four months,

in the old log school-house with puncheon floors, one whole side of the house being used as a fire-place.

In this log-cabin home we were brought up to fear God. Family worship was strictly observed morning and evening. I shall never forget the influence of that home; that sweet, Christian mother, precious, gentle and tender. Brought up amid refinement, unused to hard work, out there in our frontier home she did all the work with the aid of us children.

No whiskey or tobacco ever invaded the sacred precincts of our log-cabin home. I promised my mother as early as I can remember, when being taught my first prayers at her blessed knees, that I never would drink. Indeed, I promised her that before I ever knew what the evils of liquor were. Often in her busy cares, as she would pass by me, she would stop and hug me to her bosom, and say:

“My darling boy, you never will drink, will you?” As I would look into her lovely face I would say:

“No, mother, I will never drink.”

This promise I kept until my eighteenth year, when I was induced to take my first drink.

A friend of ours, a man some years older than myself, a prominent business man, had been to town. He got quite drunk, and had a bottle of whiskey with him. I met him on the big road. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and he stood there perhaps half an hour coaxing me to take a drink, the bottle in one hand and a corn-cob stopper in the other.

"Come, come, Hopp," he said, "do take a drink; now be sociable."

"No," I said, "I can't drink with you." I didn't say, as I should have done, that I had promised my mother I never would drink.

"Come," said he, "if you don't drink with me, I will think that you feel yourself above me." I felt stung at this, and took the bottle from his hands and turned it up, and with my eyes on the moon, which was looking so kindly down on me, I took my first drink.

Dear reader, I have been careful in making this statement complete, as this was the most critical act of my life up to that time. That first drink changed my whole life. Within ten minutes it seemed to me I was taken possession of by demons. Thoughts came crowding into my mind to which I had been an entire

stranger. Oh, the sorrow and shame and crime and suffering that were entailed as direct results of that first drink!

It isn't the last drink that hurts a man, or the fourth or the fifth, but the first drink—that is what ruins a man. If these pages are read by one who has not taken his first drink, take counsel by one who has suffered so much, and die before you take it. Let the saloon door be the dead-line to you.

Within a week from that first drink I could drink a half pint of whiskey right down. My precious mother died shortly after this without having known that I had broken my promise. She was sitting in her chair when the angels came for her, and she said to my sisters, who were standing by: "Tell Hopkins to meet me in Heaven."

Yes, dear mother, by the grace of God I will meet you there.

Six months afterwards my father died, and our home was broken up. I went to study medicine in a village near by, with one of the most prominent physicians in our county. He was a brilliant man but a drunkard, and what I didn't know before, he taught me. Before my course was finished, I got into trouble

through drink, and had to clear out as fast as my horse could go; in fact, I kept clearing out for some years afterwards in pretty much the same way from every place that I settled.

I gave up my studies and became a professional gambler. For fifteen years I rarely went to bed sober. For many years I did not see my danger, or was too much under the influence of liquor to think seriously on the subject. Occasionally, however, ominous forebodings would arise in my heart and I wondered what the end would be.

In 1870 it grew entirely too hot for me out West, and I came to New York. Through the influence of my brother, Col. H. H. Hadley, who was here and who stood high in life insurance circles, I obtained a position with a salary of \$300 per month and a liberal allowance for expenses. The failure of the company I was with threw me out of a position, and I never was able to command as good a salary afterward.

I wish I could describe the remorse and heartaches of the confirmed drunkard who feels himself, slowly but surely, slipping down to that awful abyss, the drunkard's hell, a foretaste of which he already feels in his soul. I

have passed through it all. "A pen of iron with the point of a diamond," even in the hand of a prophet Jeremiah could not describe it. Through the craving for drink and under the hellish influence of its promptings a man will wreck his home, will lie too, and deceive his best friends, his wife and everybody who know or trust him.

I had lied, stolen and forged checks. The law, relentless as a bloodhound, urged on by outraged and defrauded creditors, was on my track. So weak I could scarcely stand or think, unable to sleep or eat, still I knew that if I did not make certain crooked things straight at once I would be arrested and locked in a felon's cell. I could see only one thing to do—just what the devil wanted me to do—and that was to go and perpetrate some crime greater than anything I had ever done. Then in the agony of my soul delirium tremens came upon me, as stealthily as a snake from behind my door or through the window, in the room where I vainly hoped I might get a few hours' sleep. Fiends of the most hellish forms gathered around me, holding their mouths so close that I could feel their scorching breath, telling me what to do; while my faithful, lov-

ing wife was holding me in her arms, I feared she would be frightened out of her senses by their evil plottings. The advice of these demons, whether real or imaginary, always tended towards self-destruction. Then they would go into the next room and speak so loud that I could hear every word. Often I would rise from my bed determined to end my life.

One particular night, at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, N. J., where I lived for several years, I went to the window several times, determined to jump out and end it all, but an unseen hand restrained me.

I could mention in detail the many positions I held, procured chiefly through my brother, who though a heavy drinker himself at that time, had not been conquered by it; but I have spoken of failures enough.

On Tuesday evening, the 18th of April, 1882, I sat in Kirker's saloon, in Harlem, at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Third avenue. Our home was destroyed, and my faithful, loving wife had gone back South where I had married her. She had stood by me to the last. How she could do it I cannot understand. Dear, faithful, truthful wife! She is still living, and I pray may be spared

many years to me. I think I had never given her a cross word—surely she had not given me one: but our home was a drunkard's home, and all was gone. I had pawned everything or sold everything that would buy a drink. I could not sleep a wink. I had not eaten for days, and for the four nights preceding I had suffered with delirium tremens from midnight until morning.

I had often said I would never be a tramp, I would never be cornered, for if that time ever came, I had determined to find a home in the bottom of the river. But our Lord so ordered it that when that time did come I was not able to walk one quarter of the way to the river.

I was sitting on a whiskey barrel for perhaps two hours, when all of a sudden I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I learned afterwards that it was Jesus, the sinner's Friend. Dear reader, never until my dying day will I forget the sight presented to my horrified gaze. My sins appeared to creep along the wall in letters of fire. I turned and looked in another direction, and there I saw them again.

I have always believed I got a view of eternity right there in that gin-mill. I believe I saw what every poor lost sinner will see when he stands unrepentant and unforgiven at the bar of God. It filled me with an unspeakable terror. I supposed I was dying and this was a premonition. I believe others in the saloon thought that I was dying, but I cared very little then what people thought of me. I got down from the whiskey barrel with but one desire, and that was to fly from the place.

A saloon is an awful place to die in if one has had a praying mother. I walked up to the bar and pounded it with my fist until I made the glasses rattle. Those near by who were drinking looked on with scornful curiosity. I said:

“Boys, listen to me! I am dying, but I will die in the street before I will ever take another drink”—and I felt as though this would happen before morning.

A voice said to me: “If you want to keep that promise, go and have yourself locked up.” There was no place on earth I dreaded more than a police station, for I was living in daily dread of arrest; but I went to the police sta-

tion in East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, near Lexington avenue, and asked the captain to lock me up.

"Why do you want to be locked up?" asked he as I gave an assumed name.

"Because," said I, "I want to be placed somewhere so I can die before I can get another drink of whiskey." They locked me up in a narrow cell, No. 10, in the back corridor. That has become a famous cell to me since. For twenty years I have visited that same cell on the anniversary of that awful night of darkness, and have had sweet communion there with Jesus.

It seemed that all the demons that could find room came in that place with me that night. They were not all the company I had, either. No, praise the Lord, the dear Saviour Who came to me in the saloon was present, and said:

"Pray." I did fall on my knees on that stone floor, and said:

"God be merciful to me, a sinner." As soon as I was able to leave my cell, I was taken to the police court and arraigned before Justice Bixby. He was very kind, and spoke carefully

to the officer about my case, and remanded me back to the cell. When they deemed it safe to let me go, Mr. Knox McAfee, the clerk of the court, came down to my cell and let me go free. I made my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While lying in bed the admonishing Spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sabbath morning I felt that that day would decide my fate.

MEETING JESUS

V

MEETING JESUS

MANY plans were turned over in my mind, but all were rejected, and towards evening, at the suggestion of a fellow-sinner, I went to the Jerry McAuley Cremorne Mission, No. 104 West Thirty-second street. It was Sunday night, and the house was packed. With great difficulty I made my way through the crowded aisle to the space near the platform. There I saw that man of God, that apostle to the drunkard and outcast, Jerry McAuley.

I glanced about the room and saw a mixed crowd, I assure you. It was the regular Rescue Mission audience that I have grown so familiar with since—pickpockets, thieves, drunkards, harlots, sporting men and women, and up near Jerry some glorious women too. Only one glance was needed to tell me what they were doing there. They were there because it was good fishing ground, and they

were helping Jerry to bring immortal souls to Jesus' feet.

Jerry arose amid deep silence, and told his experience—that simple story I have heard so many hundred times since, but which was ever new—how he had been a “tief, an outcast, yes, a regular bum; but,” he would add, “I gave my heart to God, and He saved me from whiskey and tobacco and everything that’s wicked and bad. I used to be one of the worst drunkards in the Fourth Ward, but Jesus came into my heart and took the whole thing out of me, and I don’t want it any more.”

I never heard this kind of Gospel before, with all the sermons I had heard, and I began to say to myself: “I wonder if I, too, could be saved?” There was a sincerity about this man’s testimony that carried conviction with it. I listened to the testimony of probably twenty-five redeemed drunkards, every one of whom told my story. They had all been saved from rum. When the invitation was given, I raised my hand and soon was kneeling down with quite a crowd of drunkards.

Reader, how I wish I could bring that scene before you! Never till my dying day will I forget it! How I wondered if I could be



INTERIOR OF MISSION.

saved; if God would hear me. I was a total stranger, but I felt that I had sympathy, and it helped me.

Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it.

"Dear Saviour, won't You look down in pity upon these poor souls? They need Your help, Lord; they cannot get along without it. Blessed Jesus! these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't You help them out? Speak to them, Lord; do, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then Mrs. McAuley prayed fervently for us. "Dear Saviour," she said in closing, "I was a drunkard down in Cherry Hill fourteen years ago, and You saved me. Save these poor drunkards, for Jesus' sake."

Then Jerry sang in his peculiar voice, still kneeling:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

I had heard that dear old song years before around our fireside at evening prayer, in my happy childhood, and it came back like a sweet memory.

“Now, all keep on your knees and keep praying,” said Jerry, “while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves.” He spoke to one and another as he placed his hand upon their heads, saying: “Brother, pray. Now, tell the Lord what you want Him to do for you.” How I trembled as he approached me! Though I had knelt down with the determination to give my heart to God, when it came to the very moment of decision I felt like backing out. The devil knelt beside me and whispered crimes in my ears that I had forgotten for months. I had standing against me at that moment one hundred and twenty-five forgeries on one man alone. In the agony I had been in through drink, I had forgotten it until the devil reminded me of it there.

“What are you going to do about these matters if you are going to be a Christian? You can’t afford to make a mistake. Had you not better wait and fix these matters up and get out of some of these troubles, and then make a start? How can you go to Sing Sing Prison and be a Christian?” Oh, what a conflict was going on for my poor soul! A blessed whisper said:

“Come.” The devil said:

"Be careful." Jerry's hand was on my head.
He said:

"Brother, pray."

"I can't pray. Won't you pray for me?"

"All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself." I halted but a moment, and then with a breaking heart I said:

"Dear Jesus, can You help me?"

Dear reader, never with mortal tongue can I describe that moment. Although up to that time my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noon-day sunshine in my heart. I felt that I was a free man. Oh, the precious feeling of safety, of freedom, of resting on Jesus! I felt that Christ with all His love and power had come into my life.

Sinking and panting as for breath,

I knew not that help was near.

I cried: "Oh, save me, Lord, from death,

Immortal Jesus, hear me."

Then quick as thought I felt Him nigh;

My Saviour stood before me;

I saw His brightness around me shine,

And shouted, "Glory! Glory!"

And I have been shouting "Glory" pretty much all the time since. From that moment

until now I have never wanted a drink of whiskey, and have never seen money enough to make me take one. The precious touch of Jesus' cleansing blood in my soul took from my stomach, my brain, my blood and my imagination, the hell-born desire for whiskey. Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

I promised God that if He would take me from the bondage of strong drink, I would work for Him the rest of my life. He has done His part, and I am trying to do mine.

One other thing has never ceased to be a wonder: I was so addicted to profanity that I would swear in my sleep. I could not speak ten consecutive words without an oath. The form or thought of an oath has never presented itself to me since. Bless His dear name forever!

A few weeks afterwards the dear Lord showed me I was leaning on tobacco, and that I had better lean entirely on Him. I threw my plug away one night down the aisle of the Mission, and the desire was removed: in fact, tobacco was the only real sacrifice I ever made for Jesus, for I would gladly have paid money if I had it, to be freed from rum.

The wonderful mystery of God's love for

sinner has never ceased to excite the most lively emotions in my breast, and has never become an old story. How the precious, pure and spotless Saviour could stoop down and bear away my drunkenness and delirium tremens, to this day fills my soul with the tenderest gratitude.

Surely, "if any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creation."

How are you going to explain the physiological conditions of a man's stomach and brain, when but a moment before he would almost commit murder for a glass of rum, and after the precious blood has touched his soul he abhors it? It is simply the Divine, miraculous power of Jesus casting out demons as He did when on earth. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever." (Heb. xiii: 8.)

Oh, sinner, are you reading these lines? Before you close this book, take Him to your heart, and life, and death can never part you.

When I arose from my knees in the Cremona Mission after this glorious vision filled my soul, I related my experience, and for the first time told the truth—mind you, the truth so far as I remembered it. All drunkards are

liars, and my candid opinion is, that it is the last thing that any person is saved from.

People crowded around me and shook hands with me. I was amazed. I didn't know what to make of it. I had not shaken hands with any one for six months except some barkeeper whom I wanted to "hang up" for a drink.

I made friends that night that have stood by me ever since: Yes, I got acquainted with some of the aristocracy of Heaven that night. I went out in the street and looked up to the sky. I don't believe I had looked up for ten years. A drunkard never looks up: he always looks down. It was a glorious starlight night, and it seemed to me that I could see Jesus looking at me out of a million eyes.

"Dear Jesus," I cried, "You know You have saved me: But how am I going to stay saved?" Already the devil had thrown a shadow across my path:

"You are saved; of course you are; but you'll fall, and you'll be awful sorry for all the fuss you have made to-night." It seemed to me that Jesus said so plainly:

"My child, work for Me. There are thousands who would come to Me if they only knew Me. Go and tell them."

BRINGING MY BROTHER TO
JESUS

VI

BRINGING MY BROTHER TO JESUS

THAT night, right on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-second Street, I was ordained to preach the everlasting Gospel, and have never doubted it for an instant. I have never stood before an audience without that vision inspiring me:

“If I can only make these people, dear Jesus, know who You are, they will love You too.” “I have since been ordained by my beloved Methodist Episcopal Church, and I feel highly honoured, but I have always believed that I was ordained of God that night.

The great question was then, What are you going to do? Hadn't you better go and tell your brother? My brother was not only a hard-drinking man, but also an unbeliever in everyone but himself. I hesitated. My dear brother had paid out thousands of dollars to get me out of scrapes, and help me when the officers of the law were after me. “No,” the devil said; “you had better go slow and keep

quiet. If you are a Christian they will see it soon enough." The blessed Holy Spirit said: "Tell it! Tell it! Tell it!" I can hear the message yet.

I arrived at my brother's house, but with my hand on the gate I stopped for at least ten minutes in another final struggle with satan. Oh, the supreme importance of those moments! Had he been successful, probably these pages never would have been written. I believe a crisis comes in every redeemed man's life inside of the first twenty-four hours. I went up the stoop and rang the bell, and my brother's wife let me in. My brother was at home that Sunday night—probably the first Sunday evening in years. He was always at the club, or at some saloon, until late; but the Lord had caused him to stay at home that night, knowing that I was to be saved, and would come to see him.

I often think how it might have been had the devil succeeded in getting me to frustrate God's plans on that particular night.

I said: "Harry, I was saved to-night at Jerry McAuley's Mission; but I feel awful weak, and hope you won't criticize me too closely." My brother arose from his chair and

walked away from me to the opposite side of the parlour, and seemed to be looking at a picture on the wall. As he turned his face slightly, I saw something shining on his cheek.

It was very embarrassing, and his good, kind wife said: "Brother Hopp, you'll stay all night, won't you? You can go up at any time; the room is ready." I wanted to go just then. I went up and removed my shoes and coat, and fell on my knees. "Dear Jesus," I said, "You know You have saved me; now I want You so to fill me with love and Yourself that I'll never, never fall; never, never," I kept saying; "Never, never. You can do it, Jesus, if You want to, and I'll stay here until You do."

Reader, somehow I felt that I was getting my case, and I held on for I don't know how long, praying. Then after a while the room was lightened up with a halo of glory. I cried, I shouted, I wept for joy, and I went to sleep with tears raining from my eyes. I had not had any natural sleep for weeks, and I slept like a child.

The devil could not trouble me while asleep, but I think he sat on the footboard, waiting for me to wake, for on opening my eyes the first thing that came to my mind was:

"It is all a dream. You have had them again." I jumped up and threw open the blinds. It was the most glorious morning I ever saw. I looked out on a new world; people, horses, birds, everything brand new; and I have never seen the old world since.

I went to work the next day telling the story to all who would listen, and have been telling it ever since. I have spoken in saloons, dives, dance-houses, stale beer dives and houses of ill-fame. I have told it in all the leading colleges of the land, and in many theological seminaries, and never was sneered at in my life anywhere. I have the same story for all,—the boundless, deathless love of Jesus for the sinner. It never has failed, and never will. I believe that both believers and unbelievers would sooner hear that old, sweet story from a loving heart than any other story on earth.

The forgeries troubled me and hung over me like a pall. After praying over it much, I took Jesus with me one day and went down to Vesey Street to this man's office to see him. I knew that they were collecting evidence to send me up. The gentleman was out when I went in, and I took a chair and waited for him. Soon he came hurrying into the room.

"Mr. _____," I said, "I want to speak to you."

"Hadley, are you here?" he asked in astonishment.

"Sit down," I said; "I have something to tell you."

He seated himself, and instead of telling him anything about our trouble, I began to tell him how Jesus had saved me; I didn't want a drink any more. Before I had talked three minutes, he began to weep.

"Mr. Hadley," he said, "I don't know anything about the kind of religion you have got, but I would give all I am worth if I had what you have. Now, go ahead and do all the good you can, and I will never trouble you."

The cloud was lifted, and so has every other cloud where I have done the same thing.

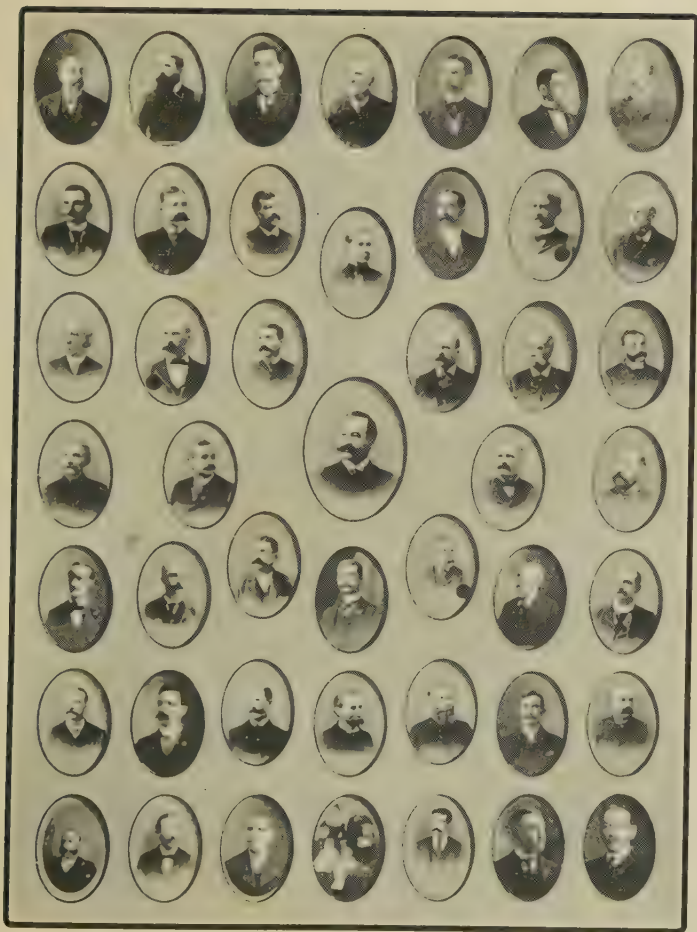
A redeemed drunkard has many hard things to face, and so had I. A drunkard is always a liar, and I was no exception. It is a fatal thing if a man attempts to carry over his old lies into his new life. Some one always knows all about them. I had one pet lie. I had told it so often that I believed it myself. I am lame in my right knee, having cut it when I was sixteen years old. While down in Nashville, Tenn.,

during the war, where I went to bring home my wounded brother, I was asked repeatedly how I became lame, and I finally said I got it in the army. The attitude of every one was changed toward me at once. "Let's have another drink; I do love to treat that lame soldier." I saw that I had struck it rich.

My brother knew of my falsehood, and he helped me tell it sometimes.

A soldier generally has some place where he was wounded, and I soon found out how necessary it was. Some one would ask me what regiment I was in; in what division; "Who was your commander? In what engagement were you wounded?" I had chosen the battle of Stone River, Tenn., as the scene of my calamity. And sometimes in a barroom I would be asked whereabouts on the field was my regiment engaged. At last I bought a short history of the battle of Stone River, with a map of the field, for I found that a man had to be well posted even to be a liar.

I had married my wife as a lame soldier, and when she found I was a drunkard and was unable to make a living, she wondered why I did not get a pension. I found this hard to explain, and only multiplied my lies without num-



A GROUP OF FORTY-SIX REDEEMED ONES.

ber. My wife spoke to my brother about getting me a pension, but he said he could do nothing. When pushed on the subject, I would say that I was irregularly enlisted, and irregularly discharged. In fact, there was something irregular about my whole army record.

When I was converted, my brother,—so I learned years afterwards,—said to his wife: “If Hopp is honest, he will tell his wife about that lie.” We little know who is drawing the line over us when we profess Christ. I tremble even now at what might have been the awful consequence had I kept silent about this matter.

The first man that took my hand as I arose from my knees the night of my conversion was an ex-prize fighter, Sam Irwin. He hunted me up the next day, and the next. He was a roving missionary for Mr. Joseph Mackey, a publisher in this city. He was a giant of a man; one of the sweetest souls I ever knew. One day as we were parting, he said:

“By the way, Brother Hadley, how did you get your lameness?” Without a thought I said:

“I was wounded in the army.”

“Is that so?” he said; “I am glad to hear it, for I am an old soldier myself,” and adding

that he would see me at the mission in the evening, he took a Sixth Avenue car for downtown, and was gone.

"Aha," said my ever present enemy, the devil, "you are a Christian, are you? Why, you can lie as easy as you ever could." Oh, the doubt that came floating over my soul. The Spirit said: "If you are not a Christian, how is it you don't swear or want a drink? Go after him and tell him the truth."

I took the next car and followed him, for I knew that he was going to Mr. Mackey's office at No. 3 Beach St., where the Wool Exchange now stands. I went into the office and asked the clerk if I could see Mr. Irwin. I looked tough, and I suppose the clerk thought I wanted to borrow some money, and he said:

"No, you can't see him."

"I must and I will see him." I felt that my future through all eternity depended on whether I saw him or not. The clerk walked back into the private office, and coming back, said:

"Well, go in, but be in a hurry." I went in and found the gentlemen busily engaged with private business, and they were visibly annoyed

at the interruption. They did not help me a bit, and I stood there like a fool, not knowing how to begin.

"Mr. Irwin," I blurted out, "I lied to you about being in the army, and I want you to forgive me. I never was in the army in my life. I cut my knee with an axe when a boy. Can you forgive me?" They both looked up very much interested, and he said:

"So you thought you had to come and tell me, did you, Brother Hadley?"

"Yes," said I; "good bye," and was gone.

How the tears of shame rolled down my cheeks as I passed out through the office, by the clerk, out in the hall, and down the steps! I am thus explicit, reader, because I consider this the crucial time in my Christian experience. Up to the moment when I reached the sidewalk, I had been torn all to pieces by satan, and had not received any help at all that I knew of from Jesus. The devil said:

"You are a fool to give yourself away thus. Why didn't you keep still? No one would have ever known this, and now you have lost the only friend you had." I stood looking around, bewildered, not knowing what to do, when all

at once I surely met Jesus there on the sidewalk. The unspeakable bliss of that moment I can never describe.

“Now, my child,” said He, “just think of it; see what you have done. Now, you will never have to tell another lie all through your life. Is not that grand?” When this thought came to me, and I fully realized it, I did not walk on the ground any more that day; I was up over the tree tops among the clouds. I lit, however, before long, and lit hard, too. Don’t think, reader, that I mean to say that I have never told a lie since. I have told many of them, and have bitterly repented; but the same precious Saviour has come each time and helped me confess and forsake, and has fully forgiven all my sins.

Six months after this occurrence I was able to procure employment that enabled me to bring my dear wife home. When taking her to the room I had prepared for a home, I said, before taking off my hat: “Now, Lizzie, there is one thing I must tell you before going any further. I always lied to you about being in the army; I never was in the army. I cut my knee in two with an axe when a boy. Can you



MRS. S. H. HADLEY.

forgive me?" She did forgive me, as a true wife will forgive her husband when he is honest, but she kept looking at me kind of strange like, as if she were not sure but what some other fellow had come in. The next morning she went to see my brother's wife, and said:

"Sister, what do you think my husband told me last evening? He said that he had never been in the army, and had always deceived me. What could have caused him to make such a humiliating confession?" When my brother came home to his dinner, his wife said:

"Harry, Hopp is converted, sure enough."

"Why, did he tell his wife about that lie?"

"Yes, he did," she said.

Four years afterwards I had a pleasure which is given to few missionaries in this world. I saw my own brother come to Jesus in my own Mission. Had I covered up that lie, I would have lost my brother's soul and my own. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy." (Prov. xxviii: 13.)

In closing this story of God's dealings with me, I wish to sum up with John Newton's wonderful lines:

In evil long I took delight,
Unmoved by shame or fear,
Till a new subject struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
I saw One hanging on a tree
In agony and blood;
Who fixed His languid eyes on me
As near the cross I stood.
Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look.
He seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.
My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.
Alas, I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain?
A second look He gave which said:
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I died that thou may'st live."
Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of His grace—
It sealed my pardon too.

LOVE THE DRAWING POWER

VII

LOVE THE DRAWING POWER

NEARLY all the policemen in New York know about the Water Street Mission and its work; so also does every tough, bunco-steerer, professional sneak-thief and the other specimens of the class, who, after persistently violating the law and placing themselves in bad repute, find themselves shut out from every opportunity to earn an honest living, and who dwell in the shadow of the penitentiary or the electric chair throughout their miserable lives.

When the convict who has served his term in Sing Sing prepares to face the world again—that world that can be counted upon to do its utmost towards driving him back to prison—he is usually advised of the thorny path before him, and the last sentence of the advice is this:

“You had better go and see Hadley down at the Water Street Mission.” As the convict has heard of Hadley before, if he purposes to

reform he makes his way to our Mission. There he is sheltered, fed and clothed, if need be, and put to work at something. He is asked no questions. No promises are exacted. He has no rules to observe except the one rule of order. He is not lectured on his past. He is not exhorted. Although it is essentially a religious institution, neither Bible nor tract is forced upon him.

He is left to himself without restraint of any kind. He is neither watched nor suspected. He is usually puzzled to know what the whole thing means. He is treated as a brother; as if he were the best man in the world. He meets with unvarying kindness on every hand. Sometimes he comes to the conclusion that he has a "snap," and proceeds to work it for all it is worth. He takes advantage of confidence and steals whatever of value he can lay his hands on, and departs with a chuckle. Sooner or later he is driven back again, by hunger, to the only place where he can get shelter and food. On his return he is met with the same welcome, the same kindness. There is no word of reproof for him, not even a suggestion or hint that he has not acted honourably.

Again and again he may show the cloven

foot, but at last he finds that in the Old McAuley Water Street Mission there is a stock of love that cannot be exhausted; that here, if nowhere else, the spirit of the Founder of Christianity is in full force. It is no wonder that, as a usual thing, the tough heart of the criminal is finally broken by the glorious principle of love, and he becomes a practical, earnest Christian, working powerfully among his former associates to bring them to the One who has saved him.

The most welcome at the Water Street Mission are those who are utterly wrecked; those whose every effort at reform has failed—refuse, outcast humanity, male and female; and when these are finally converted, the power they manifest on others and in their conversion is marvellous. But, reader, it is “Love that drives our chariot wheels, and death must yield to love;” “Love never faileth;” “Love thinketh no evil;” “seeketh not its own;” “beareth all things.” I Cor. xiii.

We never tire of reaching out the hand of friendship to the crook, the drunkard or the courtesan during their unhappy, misspent lives, and when they die without friends we give them a Christian burial.

We are thankful we get the worst people on earth here. We have had hundreds of converts here who were such outcasts that the dogs would bark at them on the streets. With no other purpose but to see if they could get a night's lodging or a bite to eat, they came here, and here Jesus met them and saved them by His grace, and they are now taking care of their families—fine, strong, Christian men, members of the churches, and a blessing to all who know them, when a few years ago they were an unmitigated curse to society.

Did they come for salvation? Oh, no: they came to beat us out of anything, from a night's lodging to a suit of clothes. Every one is treated as if he were a man. No one is turned away: I give to every one that asketh, and him that would borrow from me I turn not away. This opens his eyes. He is so used to being kicked and thumped and turned down that he opens his eyes wide. His poor heart is broken, and he looks for the source, and when I tell him I was a thief, a drunkard and a liar, he kneels down and we tell Jesus all about it. He makes a start. He may fall, once or many times—who does not? Is it any wonder? His acquaintances are all drunkards, and the

saloons are ready to welcome him on every hand. But if he does fall, we pick him up, and it often shows him that he must make a full surrender of spirit, soul and body to God. We believe in holiness of heart and life, and we teach it, and many of our converts have entered into that place of safety.

A host of the converts of the McAuley Water Street Mission have been called into Christian work, many more than I have room to speak of in this volume. I shall give some portraits and histories of those who have come under my own observation—those whom I have seen converted and those whose lives I have known.

One night an old man came in, whom I shall call the Old Colonel. He was one of the most typical tramps that ever came into our Mission, where the lost congregate in such numbers. No pen can adequately describe his condition, but I may be able to give a faint idea of how he looked. He was over six feet tall, and sixty years of age, but he looked a hundred. His dirty grey beard was a foot long, and his hair of the same colour hung a foot down his back. His eyes were bleared and full of matter, and the hue of his face showed that he and water

had long been strangers. He had on an old, ragged overcoat, probably pulled out of some ash barrel, and fastened with a nail. An old coat and vest completed his wardrobe. His trousers could not be called a part of his outfit, for they were little more than holes with rags tied round them. He had on no shirt or undershirt, and on his feet were pieces of rags tied up with strings.

I had known him for years. He was a common beggar. He came in here in June, 1887, to "see" me. It was Sunday night, and in the middle of the service he stood and peered forward and said:

"Mr. Hadley, are you there?"

"Yes," I said, "I am here."

"Will you pray for me? I am contrite."

At the invitation he came up, with probably twenty others, and prayed away like a man in dead earnest. When we arose from our knees he stood up and said:

"Well, I am saved. There is no doubt about it." At the close of the service he came up on the platform and put his arm around my neck and said:

"Brother Hadley, what are you going to give me?"

"Oh," said I, "you will get a night's lodging."

"Yes," said he, "that's right, but what else?"

"I will give you a quarter for your breakfast," said I.

"That's right," said he; "I always knowed you were a Christian," and with his quarter and ticket for a bed he tottered off. As he left me he said:

"I'll come every night."

"Oh, don't," said I; "just come occasionally." But he said again:

"Yes, Brother Hadley, I'll come every night." Who was this specimen of the devil's cruel power and handiwork? He was from one of Ohio's oldest and best families, from a wealthy, prosperous Christian home.

After going through college, he studied law in the office of E. M. Stanton, the great War Secretary under the immortal Lincoln. He married, and began to practice law. But alas! in college he began to drink whiskey, and every where he was a failure. He entered the army at the outbreak of the Civil war, and served through that fearful struggle with credit, and was mustered out a colonel in an Illinois cav-

alry regiment, a confirmed drunkard. He tried to struggle against that deadly habit which had so securely fastened itself upon him, but it was useless. At last, when home, wife and children were gone, he became utterly discouraged. He gave up in despair, and coming to New York took an assumed name.

He never went near the post office, and ultimately came to be a street beggar. For over a quarter of a century he had been a confirmed drunkard. This was the man who came up for prayers that night. He was on hand early the following evening, as he promised. He came forward for prayers when the invitation was given, and prayed away like a good fellow. After we arose from our knees he stood up, and with much unction said he was saved sure this time. He tried to put his arms around me again, but I repelled him this time with much more vigour than grace, I fear. I pointed him to the door.

“Do you mean it?” he said.

“If you linger much longer,” I said, “you will see if I mean it.” He went away slowly, cursing me, the Mission and everybody else. He swore he would die in the streets before he would ever come again. I had been sorely

tried that night. I had been compelled to put out three 'longshoremen who came in drunk looking for fight. I was clearly a backslider. My heart smote me as I saw the miserable, hopeless figure go out into the night. I went to bed, but not to sleep. I could think of nothing else, pray for nothing else. I felt he must be saved, or I would be lost.

The next two weeks was an important period in my Christian life. I must have slept, but it seemed to me I did not. I believe I learned a little, just a little, as much as I was able to bear, of what the blessed Jesus suffered for me that awful night in the Garden.

Two weeks from that day we had our monthly meeting of rescue workers. Our speaker had disappointed us, and some one said:

“Call on Brother Hadley.”

“Yes, I have something to say,” I said, and in shame and tears I told them about the Old Colonel and how I had treated him. While I was making the confession it seemed as if the Holy Ghost fell upon us all. No one said “pray,” but all fell on their knees. They prayed for the Old Colonel, and they prayed for me that God would deliver my soul. While they prayed the clouds broke.

"Get up," I said, "you need not pray any more." They gathered around me and said:

"Oh, Brother Hadley, have you got your answer?"

"I have," said I, as I wrung their hands. At the same hour that we were praying, a friend of mine, Jerry H. Griffin, a redeemed drunkard, who had known of my agony, and who knew the Colonel, came across him in Battery Park, and told him I was praying for him.

I hastened to the elevated road and came down to Water Street, and there on the back bench sat the Colonel. It was my turn now, and as I put my arms around his neck he burst into tears. I got him a beefsteak, some potatoes, bread and butter and coffee. He ate like a famished animal. I got a tub of hot water, a bar of soap and plenty of towels, and with the hands that pen these lines I washed this poor outcast. I threw his old vermin-infested rags into the furnace. I dressed him in clean clothes from head to foot. I then took him across the street to the barber shop and told them to put the clipper on him. His long hair and beard soon disappeared, but the moustache seen in his picture was left. He stayed to the meeting, and came forward for prayers, but oh, how



THE OLD COLONEL.



THE NEW COLONEL.

changed! His whole frame trembled with emotion, and tears fell from his eyes as he cried:

“Oh, Lord, if it is not too late, forgive this poor, lost, sinner!” I told my helpers to let him alone, as the Lord had hold of him. For six nights this was repeated, and at the close of our service on Saturday night he arose and said with Heaven in his face:

“Oh, Brother Hadley, I am saved.” I said:
“I believe you.” Then we did have a hug.

From that instant the old beggar tramp was changed into a child of God. He fairly loathed rum and all its works. God restored his intellect, which was so badly impaired. His youth returned and he became, as the reader can see, a dignified, Christian gentleman.

Thousands have heard him, during the thirteen years he was among us, tell of the wonderful love of Jesus. He was at last taken sick, and I placed him in the Presbyterian Hospital. He died triumphant in Jesus, and was buried from dear old Water Street Mission.

“Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!”

THE DEVIL'S CASTAWAYS

VIII

THE DEVIL'S CASTAWAYS

WE believe our blessed Redeemer can beat the devil out of sight at his own game and on his own ground; nor do we think He needs any sociality or subterfuge to help him; only the straight, glorious Gospel of love, compassion and pity.

A poor, homeless man will be sitting in City Hall Park. He, perhaps, has come to town to look for work, or he may have been compelled to leave his home for some crookedness, or he may be a straight tramp: but whatever he is, he is "down on his luck," and a drunkard. What little money he had is gone, and he has tramped the street for the past two nights, poorly clad, no food, very little whiskey, and "walking on his uppers."

He doesn't know what to do, and he speaks to a companion beside him and says: "If I have to carry the banner to-night, I'll be a dead man in the morning."

"You blankety, blank fool," says the other,

“ why don’t you go down to the McAuley Mission on Water Street, and go forward for prayers, and give a good, stiff testimony, and you can work Hadley all winter.”

“ Well,” says the first speaker, “ I guess I’ll ‘ work that graft ’ for all it is worth.”

After getting the necessary instructions he comes down, and when the invitation is given, up he comes with fifteen or twenty others, practically of the same stripe.

Reader, this can never be told as it is. A stranger would see nothing of this, but to us who have been all through this very thing, and have been saved out of it, it is an awful, living reality.

We take our seats quietly and orderly. I know that all our converts are lifting their hearts in prayer to God for these men. I speak of the promises of Jesus and His tender compassion to sinners. No matter what motive prompted them to come up, here they are at our blood-bought mercy-seat. They are men with a history, every one of them. We pity them—yes, we love them. We love them just because they are lost and poor and wretched and deceitful and utterly friendless in this great city. One glance gives us as much knowledge

of their character and history as if we had known them for years. We repeat some precious promise of Jesus, and we all get on our knees in prayer. The leader calls on some one to take these cases to Jesus, and all the converts help him in a tender, loving spirit to supplicate the Throne of Grace for these poor, helpless men.

Then we sing a verse, low and reverently, on our knees. Perhaps it is :

“ Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour ;
One who will help my burdens to bear ;
I must tell Jesus ! I must tell Jesus !
He all my cares and sorrows will share.”

Then the leader goes around while all remain on their knees, and asks each one to pray for himself. This is the critical time. These poor men had no idea that they would get into any water as deep as this. They hesitate. We say :

“ My brother, pray for yourself. Jesus loves you. Tell Him all about yourself.” The poor fraud trembles. The perspiration breaks out on his face. Thoughts of home, mother and innocent childhood, the Bible and the family altar crowd upon his memory with light-

ning rapidity—thoughts he had supposed to be dead and buried long ago.

“Dear brother,” says the leader, “why do you hesitate? Why do you refuse to call on the best Friend you ever had? Tell Him all about it.” Then with a breaking heart he cries:

“Oh, God! For Jesus’ sake, be merciful to me, a sinner.” We never rise until all have prayed.

After we have taken our seats, the leader calls their attention to some promise for their special case. We lay great stress on the promises of Jesus.

“Now,” the leader says, “we have knelt and told Jesus all about ourselves. If any one has found a place to stand, or has come to any conclusion as to what he is going to do, he has the privilege of saying so.”

One after another rises in his place, and with the kindly, loving eyes of every convert upon him, makes his statement. Our friend from City Hall Park, after much hesitation, stands up, trembling, and says:

“This thing has turned out very different from what I expected. I am a stranger in this city, and have only been here a few days. I

am almost naked and barefoot, and have walked the streets all night. In the park a man told me that if I would come down here and go forward for prayers, I could get a place to sleep and something to eat. I must acknowledge I came here for that purpose, but when I got on my knees and was asked to pray. I could not be a hypocrite, and I asked God, for 'Jesus' sake, to save me, and He has done it. I believe I can walk the streets now." But he does not have to do that. This man has landed on solid ground, and it is our pleasure to help him along to success.

We have had many, though, who played the game right through. They were the first ones to pray and the first ones to speak. One would say:

"Thank God, I am saved; there's no doubt about it." The leader would add:

"Praise the Lord! Indeed, I think that is something to praise God for, that you can say you are saved." Perhaps the fraud winces, but goes on and speaks every night for a month. All the converts who are testifying with prayerful sincerity know that every word he says is a lie, but it won't do to tell him so, or you

will lose your man. We keep praying, keep loving and keep believing. Give the man all the rope he wants, and he will be sure to hang himself. If you were to call him aside and tell him you knew he was lying, it would be a boon to him. Every night he gets his ticket for a place to sleep, and twice a day he gets some food. He has also been made clean and respectable in appearance. After a while he halts and doesn't speak. The leader will call out:

"George, what is the matter with you to-night? Haven't you anything to thank God for?" He slowly gets to his feet and says:

"Mr. Hadley, every word I have spoken since I came in this place is a lie. Is there any hope for me?"

"Yes, indeed, my brother, there is hope for you. Come up here, and let us tell Jesus all about it;" and he comes up sobbing and prostrates himself before God. We all gather around him and help pray him through. This time the start is genuine.

We have every phase of the devil's power to combat here. A man comes forward for prayers, a perfect tramp. We pray with him, and he makes a start. We find that he has a wife

and children somewhere, and we get them together and build a little home. He secures employment after a long time, and prospers. He gets a bank account, and finally, because his means will allow it and because it will be nearer his work, he moves uptown and has a pretty little flat. He joins an uptown church, and at the prayer-meeting he stands up at the first opportunity and says that so many years and months and days ago he came, a homeless drunkard, to the Water Street Mission and there Jesus met him and saved him; that his loved ones were restored, and that he has employment and home and Heaven. He does not find the same sympathy there that he expects. Some dear old saints give a groan, and he fears he has made a mistake. He is certain of it when at the close of the service a good brother comes up and says:

"Now, my friend, see here. Why do you tell that dreadful story? Are you not saved from that life, and don't you want to forget it? I would not tell that story any more. It don't sound well up here." Our convert has had his eyes opened.

"Why, yes, certainly," he says; "I'd love to forget it, of course I would."

After that his testimony is of little account for the glory of God or the salvation of sinners. He is gratified at the ease with which he can be an acceptable church member. He has lost his testimony, and the mid-week service has lost its charm. Instead of going with his wife and children, he strolls out on the street, looks in the windows, reads the bill-boards in front of the theatre, and finally goes in to see the play. Soon after, I get a letter from the wife. It is all blurred with tears:

“Oh, Mr. Hadley, do come up and see us as soon as you can. We are in great trouble.” I go and find the poor husband and father dead drunk in the bed-room. The heart-broken wife is in another room crying, and well may she cry. The little ones are clinging to their mother’s dress, weeping also. Already an intuition of some dread calamity has entered their minds. I wait until the man wakes from his drunken sleep. I talk with him; I pray with him. He promises everything and means nothing. He goes on downward. He sells everything, piece by piece, at the pawnshop—the bedding, the household furniture, down to the children’s clothes and shoes, and they are dispossessed from their home—all for rum!

I have to stand by the poor, heart-broken wife and little ones. Finally, in the throes of delirium tremens, almost a dead man, he comes back. Once in Water Street, always in Water Street! Thank God! There is no one else that will take him, and he must come back. He makes another start. I get the things out of pawn, and start the little home again. It is harder this time to get work, but after a while he gets a job. He falls again and again—lower every time, but at last, after perhaps five years, he comes in utterly discouraged by all his failures, and with the cry of the publican he falls at Jesus' feet, and is anchored this time to the blessed Redeemer.

You cannot fool him now. He gives up tobacco and "every other weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset" him, and begins again to "run with patience the race that is set before him, looking unto Jesus" always.

Is it any wonder the disciples asked our Lord: "Master, are there few that be saved?"

Now, I want to record here, that after all this fight I found that on the first night this man came up for prayers and made a start, Jesus touched his guilty soul with His most precious blood, and the devil, though he rent

him sore, could never undo what was done by the Lord Jesus Christ. "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee; know therefore and see, that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord, thy God." (Jeremiah ii: 19.)

" Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
He who that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes."

THE REFUGE OF CROOKS



IX

THE REFUGE OF CROOKS

THERE is a wonderful drawing power in the Old McAuley Mission for crooked men. Perhaps more crooks have crossed our threshold than any other public building in this city except the Tombs Prison. The Mission was started by a famous crook, and its reputation is world-wide. It has been carried on ever since by men who came from a crooked life, and it has become generally known all over the world that a crooked man will always find a welcome here. He will not be preached to, lectured nor scolded, but he will be treated kindly; in some way or other crooked men believe in the genuineness of this Mission.

I have known men to come from distant cities far away to the Old McAuley Mission when they had made up their mind that they were going to turn away from a dissipated life. They got an idea that here was the place to do it; that there was some sort of glory here

which beamed upon the crooked man that could not be found elsewhere.

Jerry McAuley was a notorious crook in his sinful life, but when he began to preach the glorious Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ, in his own homely and genuine way, people began to have faith in him and they came in great numbers.

One of the famous men who were converted here was Mike Dunn, a very historic character. Mike Dunn was born in Ireland. His father was a thief; his mother was a thief, and every member of the family, as far as I can learn, was a thief. His father was transported to Van Dieman's Land for almost a lifetime sentence. Before Mike was ten years old his mother, his aunt and himself all found themselves locked up in prison on separate charges for stealing, and at last were put into one cell. When Mike came over here, he made no improvement in himself, but went to stealing for a living. He served term after term in the State Prison until thirty-six years had been spent behind the bars. The last time he left Sing Sing Prison the writer was told by Mr. Connaughton, the head-keeper, that he said:

“Mike, I will keep a cell for you, for I know you will be back in a short time.” Mike waited on the head-keeper, and they were great friends. He told Mr. Connaughton that he would never see him back there again, but as he said that every time, no one believed him.

He came to the Old McAuley Water Street Mission, and here Jesus spoke to the poor, hardened soul. There seemed to be a power here that he had been a stranger to before this time, and emotions filled his breast which he had never before known. He came up to the mercy-seat with the rest, and Jesus saved him, and to the day of his death he never returned to the old life. He went across the way from the Mission, and started a Home in a cellar for poor, helpless ex-convicts who, like himself, had nowhere to go. It was simply a matter of faith, although poor Mike did not know much of faith at that time, but God was leading him. His cellar was quickly filled, and one after another got work and helped along with their wages, what little they could make, to put into their household treasure. From there he went to Bleeker Street, to a better Home, then to Mulberry Street, near Houston, to a very nice

Home indeed. Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, John Noble Stearns, John H. Boswell and A. S. Hatch were his trustees.

Mike and Jerry never agreed very well—they were both Irishmen and too nearly alike: but both did glorious work in their respective spheres. From the work at Mulberry Street Mike went to Detroit and opened a Home; from there he went to San Francisco, and later to Philadelphia and Brooklyn, where he opened similar Homes; he started the work which is now carried on by the Brooklyn City Mission, under the supervision of Darwin J. Meserole. It was there that Mike died, and, although he had passed through some very severe tests in the way of false friends and the desertion of his wife (who never was in sympathy with him), he was faithful to the last, and died triumphant, trusting in Jesus. He had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, the same as Jerry McAuley, but that church had no attraction for either of them after they had met Jesus. Well do I remember the funeral sermon over Mike Dunn's lifeless remains by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott; its tender eloquence will never be effaced from my memory.

Another character of this class that I wish to mention is Philip McGuire—"Old Phil," as we call him. He was born near the town of Mullingar, West Meath County, Ireland, March 17, 1831. He came to America when about two or three years of age, and was brought up chiefly in the Fourth Ward. He was a thief in childhood, and was in the House of Refuge three times. Twice he ran away, and once his father took him out. The last time he was sent away on a whaling voyage for three years around the world. He served twenty years at various times in different prisons. Before he was twelve years of age, he was arrested three times for stealing. In his second term in Sing Sing Prison, he became acquainted with Jerry McAuley. He was sitting by his side on the front bench that eventful morning when old "Awful Gardner" spoke to the prisoners, and was the means of turning Jerry from an evil life.

I will not undertake to tell of the various crimes that Phil committed, and for which he was sent to prison, as a recital of them would fill a much larger book than this.

When Phil got out, he met Jerry McAuley on the street, and they greeted each other and

shook hands, and then Jerry asked him to come down to his Mission. He did not know what a Mission was, but he came down here and made a start, such as it was. About that time they were tearing down the old frame building and erecting the present building in its place, and Old Phil was an all-round help—cook, etc.

One day a man came along who had promised to help Jerry with the new building, and, as neither Jerry nor Maria was there, he gave Phil nine hundred dollars in cash to give to Jerry, every cent of which was faithfully turned over. But Phil was not faithful all the way through; he had promised and professed to give up tobacco, but Jerry caught him smoking, and always suspected him. It was not long after that Phil began to drink, and one day he robbed the Poor Box down stairs of ten dollars. At last a trap was set for him; the money was marked. It was found on him, and he was arrested, and Jerry sent him back to prison. After this, there was a period of seventeen long years of debauchery and drunkenness.

On the 23d of November, 1892, Old Phil came again to Water Street. He was so drunk he could hardly walk up the aisle, but he knelt



PHILIP MCGUIRE.

down with the crowd and gave his poor, weary soul to Jesus. From that day to this, ten years, I bear witness to the faithfulness, honesty and Christian character of our dear brother, Philip McGuire. I have known him every hour since; he has been our janitor here for years, and a truer man never breathed.

He worked in a lodging-house after his conversion for a couple of years. It was a hard place; the hours were long, the wages poor and the crowd very trying, but he went through it. One morning, after having worked all night, he came in to see me and said that he had something that he wanted to tell me. I sat down in my office and told him to go ahead. And he said:

“Brother Hadley, the devil is after me; I robbed the Poor Box of ten dollars in the old life, and the devil tells me that because ‘I done time for it’ it is mine, but Jesus says: ‘No, pay it back;’ and he handed me five two dollar bills. I took them, and took his hand with them, and with my dear wife we knelt down and thanked God for the conscience He had put in dear Old Phil.

On his last anniversary he said: “I tried to sober up for years to get back to the dear old

Mission, but I could not, the appetite was so strong; so at last I came in drunk and staggered to the altar. I was saved that night, and the Lord has kept me ever since. The next day Mr. Hadley gave me twenty-five cents. Twelve cents I paid to get my shirt out of pawn, and I have never been broke since. I am not afraid of officers now, and when I meet a policeman he bows to me."

He also said: "When I served the devil, I was never satisfied. I worked ten years at one time for fifteen dollars a week, and when I was laid off I had not money enough to keep me one week. When I began to serve the Lord I worked for three years for five dollars a week, and when I was laid off I had money enough to keep me four months and some to spare."

He is seventy-three years of age now, and very feeble, but still takes charge of the work down stairs.

" Oh, what a Redeemer
Is Jesus, my Saviour!
Forgiving my sins, and
Bearing all my woe!
Oh, what a Redeemer
Is Jesus, my Saviour,
Proclaiming my liberty,
And washing me white as snow!"

OLD UNCLE REUB

X

OLD UNCLE REUB

ONE of the peculiarities of our work in Water Street is that men will return again and again, though they may stay away for a while and fall apparently beyond the hope of redemption; still they come back, and keep coming back. We believe that, if the true, clean Gospel of Jesus Christ is preached and testified to with honest, loving hearts, it will make an impression, whether sinners acknowledge it or not at the time, and will bring people back to the same spot. One of the most notable evidences of this statement can be found in the conversion of Mr. Reuben Johnston, or, as the boys all call him, "Old Uncle Reub."

He was born at the corner of Ludlow and Walker Streets, (now Canal) in 1821. When fourteen years of age, he found employment as "fly boy" on "The Journal of Commerce," at Wall and Water Streets, and from there to George S. Nesbitt's job printing office, in the

old Tontine Building in Wall Street. Every time he changed his employment, it was for the better, and another year found him the feeder in the press-room of a morning newspaper. He was of a social disposition, and soon learned to take a glass of beer with the men on pay day, and once in a while a glass of gin; but he did not form the drinking habit then. At twenty years of age he was employed in the press-room of "The New York Herald" under old James Gordon Bennett, where he remained for eighteen years.

As his wages increased, he drank more frequently, but he never dreamed that he might some day become a slave to the habit. At thirty he married, and a few years later lost his mother, and soon after his wife died. While his wife was living, he indulged in an occasional glass, and although he could endure physical suffering, he could not endure mental anguish, and reverted to rum for solace.

From "The Herald" he passed over to another newspaper, and remained there for fourteen years. During that time he had charge of the folding department of a weekly journal. He was one of the six selected in May, 1856, to take the Hoe Pioneer Press to

London and set it up in the office of "Lloyd's Weekly."

After this time the drink habit enslaved him; he drank steadily now, and before long he lost his employment, and had to give up the printing business when he was fifty years of age. In the hope of being cured of this habit, he went to an inebriate asylum. There was no Christian influence in this place, and when he left he began to drink again, and for years lived the life of a drunken sot. He was known around among the fraternity, and when he came around where his old acquaintances were they knew what he wanted, and tossed him a coin, and even though he was hungry he would spend his last cent for rum.

I often wished that Uncle Reub would stay out of this Mission, and tried to keep him out, but he came back. He would wait at the lower end of the room when drunk, and when the invitation came to kneel down he would say:

"Wait until I get there; don't you want me?" He would come up and kneel down with the rest, nudge them in the ribs, and whisper to them, and get them to laughing, and spoil our services. One night I picked him up by the back of his neck and his breeches, and took

him kicking out of the room, but he was back and kneeling down before I was. As soon as the meeting was dismissed he would take a seat in the front of the room and never leave until he had tackled every stranger for a coin to get "something to eat and a place to sleep."

One night a lady from uptown came to our meeting. She did not understand the ways of Water Street, but was greatly interested in Uncle Reub. He was a frail looking man with pale face and hair white as snow. He generally had on a linen duster in the winter time and an ulster overcoat in the summer time—something always he could not pawn. It was a roasting hot July night, and this lady came up to me and said:

"Mr. Hadley, why don't the poor old man take off his overcoat?"

"Perhaps you had better ask him." She stepped forward so graciously and kindly, and said:

"Dear sir, why don't you remove your overcoat?" He looked up innocently and said:

"I am afraid to." She thought perhaps he meant that he might take cold, and said:

"What are you afraid of?"

"I am afraid it would walk off." She came



J. D. UNDERWOOD.



UNCLE RUBE JOHNSON.

back to me with her face crimson, and said: "I guess I will never ask any more questions in Water Street."

One day as I came along in the street car, I noticed old Uncle Reub sitting in a vacant doorway, drunk and fast asleep, with the rain pouring down upon him. I said to myself: "Poor Uncle Reub, he won't last long; is there no help for him?" That night, just as we were giving the invitation, he came in the door. We were singing:

"How patient hath My Spirit been,
To follow thee through all thy sin,
And seek thy wayward soul to win;
My son, give Me thine heart."

A student from Yale College was with me at the time, and I said: "Brother Harrison, go down and bring that old man forward." He came, but oh, how trembling, how different now! He dropped on his knees and cried for mercy. We surrounded him with our arms and our love and our faith—yes, we remitted his sins (John xx: 23), and there, in one moment's time that poor old drunken tramp, who had been nine times in one institution and nine times in another, and in his seventieth year,

was born again. From that time to this time, now eleven years, he has not known the taste of drink or even desire for it.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless and praise His holy name!”

OLD POP LLOYD

XI

OLD POP LLOYD

MANY strange and pathetic scenes have been witnessed in the Old McAuley Mission, but perhaps none like the following which took place one evening there:

On stools in front of the platform rested a coffin, a very respectable one, with three massive handles on each side. A floral anchor lay in the center and at the foot a sheaf of wheat. Inside the coffin lay the body of old Pop Lloyd. The face was peaceable and serene, and there was no indication of the tempestuous life through which he had passed, but the calm look of repose spoke eloquently: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

On the platform was the Rev. W. W. Bowdish, then the pastor of the John Street Methodist Episcopal Church (Old Pop's pastor), and also the Rev. Stephen Merritt, a true friend of the Mission. The chapel was filled with many converts; they were a set of men who had

learned to love Old Pop. Every one had come into the place just as he had—a drunkard and a homeless outcast.

Five years before, Old Pop came into the Mission one night and took a seat on the back bench. He was seventy-five years old, and was covered with rags and dirt and vermin, and bent nearly double. He had not slept in a bed for weeks. When the invitation was given to those who wished to seek the Saviour for the pardon of their sins, Mrs. Sarah Sherwood, our missionary, spoke to him and invited him to come forward. He asked her if she thought there was any hope for the worst man in New York. She said:

“Yes, whosoever will may come.” He came, and was converted to God, and from that night he never tasted whiskey or tobacco, which for years had been his chief articles of diet.

Old Pop had been a great character in his day. He was born on the high seas, and continued to rove there almost all of his early life, and once had the reputation of being a pretty successful buccaneer. He was once transported to Van Dieman’s land for ten years, and while in Australia would have been hanged for murder, but escaped from prison. He had been quite

well to do forty years prior to this, and had sailed his own vessel out of this port. For the last three years he could do nothing, and was a charge on the Mission, and kind friends contributed to his support. He had drunk so much bad rum that his vocal chords were burnt out, and he could scarcely make himself understood, often giving his testimony in pantomime, stooping down low to show how the devil had bent him over when he came to the Mission, then raising himself up erect to show how Christ took the load off his mind and soul.

At seven o'clock in the morning he would come to the Mission and remain all day. We would take him down three square meals each day, as his limbs were too weak to carry him up stairs. Many a time was he seen giving his food to some poor tramp, who had slipped in the door much as a stray cat would do, looking for something to eat. No matter who it was, Old Pop would share his meal with him if he were hungry.

One day I was sent for to go to his room, and when I got there I found Old Pop sinking fast. I knelt at his bedside and put my arms about his neck. The sick man pulled my ear down close to his mouth and whispered :

“Brother Hadley, I am going fast; but don’t be uneasy; Jesus is with me,” and with that he breathed out his life and went home to God.

“Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His wonderful works unto the children of men!”



OLD POP LLOYD.
Converted at 72 years old.



RUMMY.

BOWERY IKE'S CAREER

XII

BOWERY IKE'S CAREER

"The worst unto My supper press,
Monsters of daring wickedness.
Tell them My grace for all is free;
They cannot be too bad for Me."

THIS wonderful story of God's love for the sinner is sent out with a prayer that it may catch the eye and reach the heart of many a careless unbeliever, and bring him to know our precious Saviour:

"Bowery Ike" obtained his name from the police and thieving companions on the Bowery—that great avenue of crime in the very heart of Greater New York. He was turned out of home when a child by a cruel woman who had charge of him, and he was compelled to steal or starve. He soon became a proficient thief, and led many older ones than he into daring crime. He was arrested and sent to the Juvenile Asylum for two years, where he learned all that he ever knew out of books. He finally ran away, and became an expert thief and pickpocket.

The writer became acquainted with "Ike" in a peculiar and Providential manner. In my work as a Missionary, I was walking along the Bowery after midnight, late in September, 1884. I heard my name called from a wagon, where two tramps were bivouacking for the night. On going up to see what was wanted, one, who called himself "Rummy," said he had a "friend" who had got "pinched" that day for "swiping" some watches from the clothing of workmen in an unfinished building.

"He is a fine thief," said "Rummy," "but he was 'full,' and unless I can get some one to befriend him he will get a long term up the river."

After providing for the two boys, I promised to meet them at the Tombs, where the Court of Special Sessions was held, and through some influence I got "Ike" off with six months in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. I got "Rummy" work, and with him visited his friend on the Island.

I want to place on record here the faithful friendship I have noticed—through long years of missionary work among the criminal class,—that thieves and crooks have for one another when in trouble. It puts some of us Christians

to shame. "Rummy" shared his small pay of five dollars a week with his friend. "Rummy" also came down to Water Street Mission and gave his heart to God, and died a few years ago, leaving a bright testimony that he was going to be with Jesus.

When "Ike" got out of the penitentiary, I gave him work, and through the following ten years he worked for me most of the time. I always trusted him. Occasionally he would get restless and start out on the road. He would travel all over the country free, in the "side-door Pullmans"—freight cars. When he came back, he would apply for work, and I would always give it to him.

Finally he got to be such a drunkard that he said he would never work for me again. The first year I hired Ira I made a regular bargain with the Lord that as I had reclaimed Ira for Him I would pray for him twice a day until he was saved.

How my faith was tried in the years that followed! He grew worse and worse each year, but the faith of my wife, who had joined me in this fight, and my own, never wavered.

Ike got arrested at last for disorderly conduct and was sent to the Island for five days.

He was put to work on the boat "Fidelity," which is employed to carry dead bodies from the Morgue to the Potter's Field. The boat is piled up high with these dreadful boxes, and the poor fellow had to eat his soup and bread at noon on one of these boxes for a table. During one of these hideous repasts he came to himself and said:

"Oh, Lord, if I get off this boat I will go down to the Water Street Mission." He was as good as his word, and after coming to our place three successive nights Jesus spoke words of peace and life to his guilty soul, and "Bowery Ike" died forever.

He was in his thirtieth year, and his faith was like a child's. If he was tempted to say or do anything wrong through the day, he would stand up in our testimony meeting and confess it all, no matter what it was. I saw at once that he had paid the price and was going through. I finally decided to educate him for God's work, and Mr. Walter M. Smith, one of our beloved trustees, helped me to send him to the Moody Bible Institute at Chicago.

It was a trying time, as he had never studied, and his mind was untrained, and the course was severe. He took it all to Jesus, and received

the strength and knowledge he needed. At the end of the first year his rating was ninety-seven in a possible one hundred in a class of four hundred and fifty. He was given, among other work, the Cook County Jail meetings every Sunday morning, and we believe God blessed his work there to the salvation of many criminals awaiting sentence and death.

He came home the following October to celebrate his third anniversary. He had been gone one year, and, dear reader, we hardly knew him. Never did grace work such a mighty change. The whole contour of his face was changed. His forehead had grown broad and high, his face and manners were honest and frank, and all traces of the old life had gone. Instead of the sharp cunning thief he was a handsome, dignified gentleman. The house was crowded, and many of the gang who had come down to his anniversary could scarcely believe their eyes. He went back for six months' further work, and was coming home in April to become associated with me in this work, when, on March 15, 1889, he died of heart disease. We brought him home and buried him from dear Old Water Street Mission, on his thirty-fourth birthday. Crowds

of loving friends stood around his coffin, and bathed in tears the dear face of one who had come to us, less than five years before, an out-cast and foe to humanity.

Never shall those who heard him forget his last anniversary, as he stood up and, with impassioned appeal, spoke of Jesus's love to sinners, how wonderfully God had applied the Word to him, and how from one end of God's Holy Book to the other he showed sinners how they could come and be saved as he had been.

We give herewith an extract from a letter received from Ira about his jail work in Chicago:

"We had a glorious time at the jail yesterday. The Holy Spirit was there in mighty power, and the poor fellows just came to Jesus eagerly. We could not handle all who came to talk to us about their souls. I read the Thirty-fourth Psalm, and talked a little while on Isaiah lv:3: "Hear, and your soul shall live," and the Holy Spirit carried conviction to their hearts. About twenty accepted Jesus. The poor fellow who wrote the letter that I forwarded to you went to the penitentiary for



IRA B. SNYDER.
Alias "Bowery Ike."

an indefinite time. Being an habitual offender they can keep him as long as they like: in other words, they own him. Let us pray for him. I saw him before he went away, and he was very happy, and gave a bright testimony for the Lord. He said he would sooner spend his whole life in prison serving Jesus than live without Him a free man. The Institute manager will do what he can for him through the chaplain. He may be able to get light work and a little better food."

Also, a letter from the Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey, Superintendent of the Institute, showing how he was esteemed there:

"MR. WALTER M. SMITH,

" 115 *Worth Street, New York.*

"MY DEAR SIR: Yours, March 16, received. I have already written Mr. Hadley about our Brother Snyder's death. It was a sudden shock to us all. There were few men here in the Institute for whom I had as strong a personal affection as for Brother Snyder. Possibly this may have begun in view of the depths from which he had been saved, but it grew as I came

to know him more. He certainly was a very attractive Christian. He lived a beautiful life among us.

“ His life told here in our city with a great many, and his death is beginning to tell. Only last night, at one of our missions, some man who had known Snyder in sin wanted to take Christ.

“ I had hoped great things for his usefulness, and his death is to me, in some measure, a mystery, but I do not question for a moment that God’s plans are better than ours.

“ Sincerely yours,

“ R. A. TORREY.”

In closing this account I wish to bear testimony to the faithful, loving help of one of our beloved trustees in this matter of procuring Brother Snyder’s education and helping him along in his religious life. Brother Smith, one of the leading merchants of this city, loved him, treated him as a brother, asked him to his place of business, took him to his lovely home some miles out of town, and took him to his church, and had him speak to their people. Brother Ira never forgot this, and repeatedly spoke to me about it, telling me how encouraged he was to press on, with such loving friends.



MR. WALTER M. SMITH.

In one of God's strong Providences Brother Snyder will live and speak for years to come. Mr. Smith had been compelled to take a rest from his business on account of broken-down health, some months before Ira's death. He had become acquainted with the Rev. R. F. Campbell, of Asheville, N. C., and was greatly interested in the work that Mr. Campbell, through the Presbytery, is doing among the mountaineers. As Brother Smith was going to pay Ira's salary as my assistant, he decided after his death to devote that money to Dr. Campbell's work, and the result is that a splendid church and school have been erected, and are under full swing and full of scholars, on Fine's Creek, Heywood Co., N. C., known as the Snyder Memorial School and Chapel.

These hardy, grand people so bereft of church and educational privileges are taking full advantage of this blessing, and their children come for miles around and crowd the day school, the Sunday School and the Church. "Though dead, he yet speaketh."

"'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear;
'Twas grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed."



BILLY KELLY, THE EX-BAR-
KEEPER

XIII

BILLY KELLY, THE EX-BARKEEPER.

IT was Saturday night. The room was packed until scarcely another soul could get in. On and near the platform were crowded the converts—fine, well-dressed, handsome men, all redeemed drunkards. The balance of the room was filled to its utmost capacity with tramps, every one drunkards of the lowest type. It was “Love Feast Night” in Water Street, and it would have done your eyes good to see the converts pass around among the poor fellows, politely helping them to large corned-beef sandwiches and steaming bowls of savory coffee, and speaking kindly to them when they rudely grabbed for more. When all had been filled and the cups and fragments gathered up, the real work of the evening began.

A splendid looking man stood up with the Bible in his hand, and began to read about Jesus, how He “came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance,” and how “God so loved the world that He gave His only-begot-

ten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Notwithstanding his appearance, every one could tell that he had tasted the bitter cup to the dregs, for as he pleaded in eloquent words and tones to the men before him to give their hearts to Jesus, he told how Christ had come to him when he was down, a lost drunkard, without home or friends.

"Yes," said he, "hell with all its tortures had already begun in my breast; but, oh, blessed Jesus! when He came He took it all away; and now, boys," he added, "I have everything in this world a man can desire, home and loved ones all restored, and, above all, Jesus in my soul, and the desire for drink all gone. 'Who will come to Jesus to-night?'"

The first man to raise his hand was Billy Kelly, a poor, half-crazy man about thirty-six years old, who was suffering then with delirium tremens. With a crowd of over twenty he came forward and knelt at those "tear-stained benches." All was hushed now except the smothered sobs of the seekers. Then one raised his voice in earnest, beseeching prayer that Jesus would come then and there and save those poor, dying souls and wash them in His

precious blood. The unsaved part of the crowd looked on in curiosity, but with respectful silence.

As the custom is in Water Street, all the seekers were asked to pray aloud for themselves. When it came to Billy Kelly's turn, he threw back his head and looking up to the ceiling, said:

"Oh, Jesus, give me sleep; dear Jesus, give me sleep. Give me sleep, or I'll die." All the converts knew just what that meant. Men with the "horrors" die for want of sleep. They cannot sleep, for when they close their eyes the most hideous sights present themselves and render sleep impossible. At once the converts rallied around him.

"Amen, my brother," they said. "Only trust Jesus; He will give you sleep. Come to Him just as you are. He will save you. He will give you sleep." When we arose from our knees Billy Kelly was a saved man. He was sent to a lodging house that night and slept thirteen hours. He came back and sat in the Mission all the next day. We stripped him of his rags and put clean clothing on him. His strength as well as his mind was nearly gone.

For over three months we kept dear Billy at

the Mission, where he sat nearly all day reading the Bible. As he had been brought up a Roman Catholic, it was a new Book to him. At last he said:

"Mr. Hadley, I think I could work if I could get it."

"All right," I said, "you shall have work if you think you are able to do it." I procured him a job, and he was a benediction to all who came near him. Although his work was hard and difficult, and surrounded as he was by rough drinking men, he never swerved one inch to the right hand nor to the left.

Billy Kelly had been a "skin" faro dealer and a barkeeper all his life, and an all-round sport. He had kept bar for "The Allen" for thirteen years in his famous resort on Bleecker Street, and had been discharged at last for drunkenness. Billy was known to barkeepers in many saloons all over the lower part of the city, and could get all the whiskey he wanted. Three times he had been carried off to Bellevue Hospital and strapped down in the maniac cell.

This time he was nearly dead from exhaustion and want of sleep, when he heard of the "Love Feast" at Water Street, in a saloon

where he happened to be, and said he'd come down. Many of these men, who had not heard him speak without the worst kind of oaths, were astonished when they saw Billy looking so clean and speaking such clean words.

"Billy," they would say, "what's the matter with you? What have you been doing?" He would always answer:

"I've been down to the Mission, and you had better come too." Praise the Lord, they did come!

Finally, one year rolled around, and it was Billy Kelly's first anniversary. We make a great deal of this in Water Street. All the boys turn out. A beautiful bouquet of flowers stood on the desk, and Billy stood up to read the lesson. And he did read it too, and told his story of how Jesus had saved and kept him one whole year—yes, three hundred and sixty-five days. "The" Allen, his old employer, was present with his wife, and seemed to enjoy it. Two months afterward, dear Brother Kelly was taken ill with pneumonia, and we all saw the end was coming.

The writer saw him the day before he died, at St. Luke's Hospital, where he was taken.

The nurse said he was deranged, but if so, his reason returned as we clasped each other's hands.

"Oh, my brother," said he, "how sweet Jesus is to my soul! I never dreamed he was so precious. He stood by my bedside all last night." The nurse pulled me away, saying it would increase his fever. He died soon after, peacefully trusting Jesus, and realizing the truth of the promise, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Dear reader, did you ever see a funeral in Water Street? You will never forget it if you have. How the converts turn out—those from a distance and those who are working at night. After they sang, as they sing only in Water Street, the Scripture was read and prayer offered, and Rev. Dr. A. B. Simpson spoke from the text, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," and he told how the devil sought the brightest and best for his victims. A sister sang in sweet tones:

"We'll never say good-bye in Heaven."

Then the converts told how they loved Billy Kelly, and how they loved Jesus. Hard, wicked and cruel men, who had formerly

known the dear brother in his old life, wept. At the close was witnessed a scene never to be forgotten. A long line of redeemed drunkards filed past the coffin and dropped tears of genuine love and sorrow on the peaceful face of their departed brother, and bade good-bye until the glorious resurrection morn to the one who came in fourteen months before a homeless outcast and a dying drunkard.

“Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.”

“E’er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.”

JOHN JAEGER, THE ANARCHIST

XIV.

JOHN JAEGER, THE ANARCHIST

THE Mission of the Living Waters, a soul-saving station, is situated at No. 130 Christie Street, and is presided over by Mr. John Jaeger. The writer was present on July 9, 1901, at John's twentieth anniversary. It was a great night. Men and women of distinction in Christian life and in business life had picked their way down those crowded streets into that little mission. The thermometer was over one hundred degrees, but that made no difference. John sat there on the platform, very feeble, but still it was their old John whom everybody loved and in whom everybody believed, saint and sinner alike. He was a great character. He was saved in the Old McAuley Water Street Mission July 9, 1881. In the language of his wife, he was a "drunken bum." John was an anarchist, and a thoroughly bad man all the way round.

He was brought to this Mission one night by Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert. He could not

speak a word of English, but came forward, for the Holy Spirit had spoken to his guilty soul, and he knelt down for prayers. Jerry McAuley went up to him and said:

“Pray, German man.”

“Nichtsverstehe.” said he. A man that understood German came up to him and said:

“It is Jesus,” and as that dear name is about the same in English and German, John caught on to his meaning and cried:

“Oh, Jesus, save me, save me!”

Did Jesus hear that cry? Oh, yes! He heard it, as He hears every cry no matter in what language, and He saved John right there on his knees that instant.

John went home shouting happily, and told his wife that he had seen Jesus. She told him to shut up, or she would fire him out of the house; she thought him crazy, and would not believe a word he said.

His life showed that he was true. He did not know a word of English, and did not know how to read or write; but he came to the Mission every night and heard the Scripture read here and the people testify to the power of God in cleansing them from every stain, and he longed to know for himself what the Bible said.



JOHN JAEGER.
Superintendent Mission of the Living Waters.

He took the Book one day and got down on his knees and said :

“ Dear Jesus, this is Your Word, but I can’t read it myself. I don’t know how to read; I have to listen to what others say, but I want to read this for myself, and I am going to stay until You teach me to read Your blessed Book.” And, reader, God did teach him to read that Book. Although he could not read the names of the streets on the lamp-posts, God taught him to read His Blessed Book, and he has read it ever since.

This statement can be verified by John himself, and by many others.

“ Yes, it is wonderful,
Strange, and so wonderful,
Jesus so gracious could be !
Oh, it is wonderful,
Strange, and so wonderful,
Jesus could save even me ! ”

WOMAN'S LOVE AND FAITH-
FULNESS

XV.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND FAITHFULNESS

I WISH to pay a fitting tribute, if possible, to the faithfulness of the wife and mother when the husband has become a drunkard and the home has come to destruction, and the man she married has almost ceased to be a man and has become a brute. We have seen many such cases; but, perhaps, a single one will suffice:

This man was a finely educated gentleman; he was college-bred. He married a beautiful young lady before he became a victim to drink, and they started out in life, and, as he was a good printer, they had a happy home. But little by little drink usurped the place of wife and home and children, and Jack became a drunkard. Why is it that drunkards get such lovely wives? It seems to me that I have seen this borne out in many cases. Jack came to this city, but he spent most of his time in the saloon, and finally all of his time, and the poor wife had to take her children and go back to her

father in an Eastern city. Did she forget Jack or desert him? Oh, no! But she would write to the saloon (where he hung out), and to the men who associated with him, and would learn that Jack was doing very badly. In a drunken fight he got a bad gash between the eyes, and, as he was living on whiskey as a steady diet, he did not do well, and soon had a dreadful face.

His wife had made friends here in the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which she belonged, and kept writing to them to look out for Jack, who always hung out at a place called the "Reform," on Pearl Street. Through the influence of his wife he got into the Trinity Hospital on Varick Street, and was treated kindly and cured. As soon as he was released he got into another row, and had his face badly hurt again. His wife on hearing of the state of affairs, concluded that she would come to see him.

It was on one hot morning in August that she wrote him that she was coming down on the Fall River boat which would reach the city on Sunday morning. His forehead was bandaged with absorbent cotton, and strips of sticking plaster were around his head and cheek

and nose to hold them together. He had on neither shirt, coat nor vest; an old linen duster supplied the place of all these garments. His pants were split behind nearly up to the knees, and at every step they would go flappety-flap like a scare-crow in a cornfield. He had no stockings, and his toes were sticking out of his broken shoes. He was dirty and wretched, and exhaustion from hunger almost overcame him. But he knew that his wife was coming that morning, and, reader, a drunkard loves his wife. Don't think that all love is gone because a man has become a drunkard. How often have I seen men in saloons weeping for the love of wife and children, and because of the degradation that prevented them from being a husband and father to them.

It was early Sunday morning, and though he knew that hundreds of Newport's most fashionable guests would be on the boat, Jack could not resist the desire to go down to the pier to see her who was coming. But he thought he would keep out of the way, so he hid behind a big dry goods box on the pier and watched the beautiful ship as she slowly steamed into the dock. Although he was trying to keep himself hidden, he would peep out to see if the dear

one was on board. There was another one, too, who was looking with both her eyes, and that was the loved one; and love has keen, sharp eyes.

She was watching with all her loving heart to see if she could get a glimpse of Jack, and, sure enough, she caught a view of his disfigured face as he peeped around the corner of the box where he was hiding. She flew down the gangplank, the first passenger off, and running up to the poor tramp she cried: "Oh, Jack, Jack!" and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. She was a beautiful woman, dressed as dainty as a queen, but she took his arm and walked up the pier in front of that company of millionaires and fine people. It was a sight to make angels weep.

Poor Jack! He said he felt as though he should sink into the earth. She remained a day or two, but she could do him no good. Everything she gave him went for whiskey, and with a breaking heart she went back to her Eastern home.

Early the following winter this same Jack came to see us. He had on the same linen duster; the sleet and snow were packed in his broken shoes, and he was wet to the skin as he



JOHN R. McCONICA.

took a seat for the first time in the Old McAuley Mission. Here he learned that Jesus Christ could save a drunkard; here he learned that there was hope as the converts arose and told with glowing faces of this hope, and when the invitation was given, he took courage, and came forward and gave his heart to God.

Reader, this was sixteen years ago. This man has been winning souls for Christ ever since. He has been unusually successful in drawing lost men to his Master, and out of the number which he has led to Jesus many distinguished workers have come up, who are also leading souls to Jesus. Some have gone as missionaries to India, Africa, China and South America, and he is still in the harness.

“Drunkards, for you He shed His blood,
Your basest crimes He bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.”

JOHN M. WOOD, THE
DRUNKEN SAILOR

XVI

JOHN M. WOOD, THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

JOHN M. WOOD was one of the brightest men ever converted in the McAuley Water Street Mission. He was born in Kentucky, September 13, 1847. He came into Water Street, October 20, 1890. Four months previous to this he had been discharged from the United States Navy for "drunkenness and chronic alcoholism," after he had been in the service thirteen years. He had been paid off with about \$400, and came over to New York and entered upon a wild debauch on the Bowery and Chatham Square.

After his money was gone he began to have delirium tremens, and finally imagined he heard a voice saying to him :

"Now, John, you're no good; you will never be any good, so go to the river and drown yourself."

This man had been around the world several times, and stopped at every port where a vessel could anchor, and had been drunk at almost

every seaport on the globe. He decided to follow the advice of this voice, and as he started for the river he felt as if a hand was pressing and pushing him along. When he came to the corner of Water and Roosevelt Streets, he stopped. Why did he stop? Because he heard sweet music coming from the Old McAuley Mission. He again bent his ears to catch the sound:

“There is a fountain filled with blood.”

Ah! his dear old mother used to sing that in his happy childhood days! He looked around at the saloons on the corners, and turning suddenly his eyes caught the bright, glowing letters on our transparency. He came in and took the back seat; came forward when the invitation was given; gave his heart to God, and never touched a drop from that day to the end of his life.

We took care of him for a little while, but he soon found work. His longing desire was to go to the Navy Yard and tell his shipmates of his new-found liberty and peace in Christ. He finally received permission of the captain of the war-ship Chicago to hold services on board one Sunday afternoon, and the writer,



BILLY KELLY
Ex-Barkeeper.



JOHN M. WOOD
Chaplain Navy Yard.

with eight or ten of our converts, went with him.

Unknown to Brother Wood, on that ship were some of the officers of the American Seaman's Friend Society, who heard him tell how Jesus had rescued him from the depths of sin and made him a new man. When he asked all who wanted to lead a better life to stand up, nearly two hundred of the crew stood up and asked him to pray for them.

These gentlemen decided that he was the man who ought to be made chaplain of the Navy Yard. The Rev. Dr. W. C. Stitt conferred with the writer, and after making some inquiries extended a call to Brother Wood, and I believe he was the first unordained chaplain of the Navy Yard.

On the occasion of his third anniversary, he married a young lady who was a sweet singer, one who had assisted him quite frequently in the Navy Yard. One of the strongest features of Brother Wood's character was his growth in grace. He loved much because he was forgiven much. His love for drunken sailors was boundless.

The texts and hymns which magnify the cleansing blood were constantly used in his

services, and in his addresses to seamen he would tell, with tears streaming down his face, how Christ had saved him, and would save them. Scores at a time would respond to his appeal, and testify to its wonderful power. He succeeded in starting a Christian Endeavour Society on every one of the six vessels of the famous White Squadron.

Brother Wood died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs at his home in Brooklyn, May 25, 1898, breathing his last in the arms of his faithful wife. His funeral was held in the Central Baptist Church of Brooklyn. His pastor, the Rev. A. B. Sears, preached the sermon, and the sweet singer, F. H. Jacobs, and Dr. Stitt, were present with the writer. The coffin, draped in the United States Navy flag, was borne to the church by six sailors, followed by a detachment of men from the Navy Yard, and many mourning friends.

“ Jesus, the name high over all
In hill, or earth, or sky—
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.”

UNDERWOOD, NEWMAN AND
ROBERTS

XVII .

UNDERWOOD, NEWMAN AND ROBERTS

JAMES D. UNDERWOOD had been a drunkard for years. He came from Providence, R. I., and was arrested many times there. He then located here. At one time he had been a successful jewelry salesman for a large house in Maiden Lane, but finally became so addicted to drink he could not secure employment.

Many times in the early missionary labours of the writer along the Bowery, long after midnight, he has been approached by "Jim" with a request for a nickel, or "Won't you buy some court-plaster so I can get my lodging?" He had often been to Water Street, and had been helped repeatedly.

One night, when the invitation hymn was being sung, the writer was passing down the aisle, asking the poor drunkards here and there to come up to our mercy-seat, when on the last seat near the door sat Jim Underwood. He had come down from the Island that evening

for the sixteenth time, having been committed for drunkenness and vagrancy. I took him by the hand and said:

“Jim, aren’t you tired of this life? Won’t you come?”

“Yes,” he said, “I will come;” and picking up his old cap, he walked up the aisle. He was saved that very night. He worked one week in a restaurant. We helped him to clothing, lodging and food when he needed it, and before long he found employment at his old business, selling jewelry.

When his first anniversary rolled around, he went up and down Maiden Lane, John Street and all over the jewelry district and told everybody, Christian, Heathen, Turk and Jew, that he was going to celebrate his first year in the Christian life. He not only invited them to come, but said he wanted to raise a good sum for the Mission. Nearly all of these people had been pestered sorely by Jim in his old life for nickels and dimes, which always went for whiskey: but how different now! Some well-known Jews said:

“Yes, I’ll gladly give to any cause that can make a man of such a drunkard as Jim Underwood.”



HENRY C. NEWMAN.



C. W. ROBERTS.

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After Jim had read the lesson and given his testimony, he presented the superintendent with a large envelope containing three hundred and ten dollars for the Mission. The largest gift was ten dollars, and the smallest, one dollar. About one hundred jewelers contributed, probably two-thirds of whom were not professors of Christ.

He traveled for a large house in Maiden Lane, the Champenois Jewelry Manufacturing Company, for about ten years, and supported his aged mother and sister. He laid up a snug sum of money also.

One hot day, May 21, 1898, he went into the jewelry store of F. H. Niehaus and Company, No. 312 North 6th Street, St. Louis, Mo., and in some unaccountable manner plunged a glass into a two-gallon crock of cyanide potassium, supposing it was water, and was dead in fifteen minutes.

We present his picture here to show how this handsome, smart business man was changed from a tramp and a nuisance to a useful Christian gentleman.

“Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.” (Psalm lxxiii: 25).

One Sunday afternoon Henry C. Newman accidentally passed our Mission doors, and was attracted by the singing. He was a newspaper man, and had worked for years on "The Jersey City Journal," but he became such a drunkard he lost his position and was out of work. He came forward for prayers when the invitation was given, and gave his heart to God, and he never took another drink.

He went home and his old employer, Mr. Dear, proprietor of "The Journal," put him to work again, but he could not rest without making an effort to save the lost about him. He first started the Morris Street Mission, then the Foundry Mission, and then the Newman Mission at 62 Montgomery Street, and afterwards organized the Newman Industrial Home and Mission on Grand Street.

He lived a Christian life all these years, and was devotedly helping to pick up fallen men and women all about him. At the funeral many of the pastors of Jersey City paid a high tribute to the inspiration they had received from the redeemed drunkard, Henry C. Newman.

The Home has been kept going ever since. Within the last year it has taken a wonderful start, and to-day the Henry C. Newman Home

occupies the large four-story building, the upper part of which is used for a dormitory, with a chapel on the main floor, kitchen, dining room and lavatory in the basement, with four lots adjoining, with wood sheds where those desiring can earn their living. All honour should be given to Mr. Dear, proprietor of "The Journal," to whose energetic business ability this has been made possible.

Mr. C. W. Roberts, one of our beloved boys, was converted in the Mission on the 15th of November, 1888. He came in like everyone else—a drunkard and a homeless outcast. He was a college-bred man, and while at college he learned to drink.

He soon developed into one of our best workers, and when a Mission was started at No. 25 Liberty Street, Utica, N. Y., Brother Roberts was chosen for the position of leader. This work was a success from the start, and is still carried on successfully; but the climate proved too rigorous for our dear brother: he broke down and was obliged to come back to New York, and soon died.

It is strange how the Lord works to draw men in here! In his poverty he had a chum, an old man named Seth Paul, and they wan-

dered the streets together. Mr. Paul had once been a wealthy hotel man. At one time he had as summer lodgers a Mr. Frank Lawrence and his wife and family. Mr. Lawrence was at that time a member of the Stock Exchange. Afterwards he became a victim to drink, and lost his home and family, and in that condition he, too, found a refuge in the old Mission, and was one of the leading workers here. In a saloon one night Mr. Paul said:

“Let us go to the Water Street Mission; I heard that Frank Lawrence was a leader there, and I want to see him.” The two men came down and both were saved that night. Neither of them touched a drop of whiskey afterwards. Mr. Paul died two years afterwards of erysipelas in Bellevue Hospital.

Brother Roberts was a very talented young man. About the time of his taking hold of the Mission in Utica, he married a Miss Ida Maybe, whom he had met in mission work in this city. Although his useful young life was cut off, his influence still remains, and the mission which he started is still saving souls.

A PLEA FOR THE DRUNKARD

P

XVIII

A PLEA FOR THE DRUNKARD

“Poisoned by alcohol,
Blear-eyed and illy clad,
Cursing his fate as he shuffles along;
Crushed and bereft of the once earnest will he had,
Penniless, homeless, jeered by the throng.
 Friends have assisted him,
 Pastors have prayed o’er him,
He has been rescued and lost o’er and o’er.
 Oh, do not give him up;
 Pull from his lips the cup;
Speak to him kindly, and try him once more.”

THE vast army of men and women who have been snared by the tempting habit of drink in its various forms, and have become helpless victims of its cruel power, should receive, for many reasons, the care and help of the Church of God, and of those who love her cause. If they do not give it, no one else will, for it takes grace to love a drunkard. Only the pity born of the heart of our dear Redeemer can sympathize with a drunkard in his lost condition.

I do not believe the appetite for strong drink is inherited from our parents any more than the appetite for potatoes or turnips, but I do believe a child may inherit from his parents a nervous, sensitive and weak disposition, a nature to which alcohol will act as a spur to a high-strung horse, and will cause him to fly to destruction.

I have often noticed among the thousands of drunkards I have handled, that the fine, sympathetic fellows, the men with large imaginations, the kind, generous men or women, who would sooner go hungry than see another starve, make the worst drunkards. This kind of people, when they were saved by the grace of God, have made Old Water Street Mission famous all over the world, and have magnified our blessed Redeemer's power everywhere.

Christians should be the friend of the drunkard because only Christ can save them. All other remedies have failed, and will ever fail. As the power and appetite for alcohol are purely satanic in their desires and effects, so only can the blood of Christ conquer and wash out this stain. It is sin in the human heart that invites this demon, and in coquetting with him man becomes his slave, and nothing short of regeneration can cast him out.

The writer has known personally thousands of men from all classes of people from the lowest to the highest, who have exhausted every means known, and found themselves worse off than ever. I have seen men cured instantly by Christ alone, and never touch or want a drink till their dying day, who had been placed in various institutions over a dozen times, and supposed they were cured each time they came out.

While the Christian people of New York city go to their comfortable beds in the long winter evenings, and spend the night in sweet, refreshing sleep, thousands of men, yes, and women too, are walking, walking, walking, all night long, all because of drink. In many cases, these too have had good homes and loved ones, but drink has robbed them of all this. Thousands try hard to get the nickel that will get the drink and make them welcome in the back room of some Raines law hotel, or give them liberty to stand in the rear of some dive; but if they cannot get it, they must walk, walk, walk. With no underclothing, with thin clothes, and their feet on the ground, many in their perambulations pass by the very places they once owned, or where they had at one time

carried on a successful business. Is it any wonder they come down to the dear old Mission, and even go forward for prayers, in order to secure a place to sleep in, or a good square meal; and is it any wonder that they are like the blind man who sat by the wayside begging, who was led to cry:

“Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me?” And they also receive their sight and follow Him.

The Church should be kind to the drunkard, because only by her consent can whiskey be manufactured or sold. Everyone knows that the church people combined have the power or the balance of power, and that if they would stand together it could not be sold.

What must the rum-seller think when the good people and law-makers of this city and State say to him: “This is a bad business, a very bad business; it corrupts society, debauches our youth, fills our prisons and insane asylums; it is a bad, bad business. Now, as it is such a wicked and corrupt trade, we cannot permit you to sell it for a license fee of \$200, but if you will pay us \$800 you can sell it all day and all night, and Sundays too!”

So this man, with ill-disguised contempt for

these good law-makers, pays \$800 and takes his chances of getting it out of the poor victim who is willing to barter his soul or sell his children's clothing or his own coat for a drink.

O that I could awaken the Christian Church of this city, and of this country, to the fearful responsibility which we must meet, so surely as we appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ! If this is so, then what must we do? Why, seek to save the drunkards. Plant Rescue Missions in the midst of these dens of vice, and man them with godly men and women who love men and women because they are lost, and who use only the loving, tender, sweet Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and have them backed loyally by the churches, and it will surprise you what the Lord can do.

“For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.” (Luke xix: 10).

MY BROTHER

XIX

MY BROTHER

HOW can I describe Colonel H. H. Hadley, my beloved and only brother, probably the most successful soul-winner the Old Water Street Mission has ever turned out? Someone else should write this narrative, for it is hard to put in type the history of one whom you love as I do the subject of this chapter.

Henry Harrison Hadley was born February 11, 1841. He is about one year and a half older than the writer. In childhood we were near enough of one age to be playmates back as far as I can remember. We never slept apart, or ate apart, or played or worked apart. We had no secrets from each other, and when we discarded short pants at a very early age, and were able to escort the rosy-cheeked damsels home from the spelling schools and corn husking and quilting parties and apple butter "billin's," we could scarcely wait for the other to come home to relate the wondrous mystery of feminine love and vows we had each been able

to coax from our "best girl." Oh, those happy days, long since departed!

We worked hard all day, and in the night went coon hunting, or to spelling schools, or to some wonderful revival meeting, where sinners would get under conviction at the powerful preaching of the old-fashioned Gospel, and weep their way to the altar or "mourners' bench." (And it was a bench, too, and sometimes a fence-rail.) They would wring their hands and howl and cry, and, at last, amid songs and shouts of victory from stentorian lungs, they would spring into the air and shout and hug their old companions, and praise God till you could hear them nearly half a mile off. Sometimes they would fall on the floor, as "stiff as a crowbar," and have to be carried home across the fields, through the woods and over stake and rider fences. The neighbours would sit around the fireplaces and sing low, sweet songs until morning. These men would never fall back to the world afterwards. They had got a view of Canaan; they had tasted of its precious fruits; they had heard the sweet echo of the heavenly choir, and they stood firm as rocks.

There was no agnosticism there. They could

not read, many of them, but they could hear, and they had heard something that they could never forget. It was not that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, nor that Noah and the ark and Jonah and the whale were only "folklore," nor that the beginning of all life was protoplasm and then a tadpole, etc., etc., etc. They had a vision of Jesus, and you could not fool them with two Isaiahs. They went through life shouting, and they died shouting Jesus' precious name, and they fairly terrified the devil away from their death-beds. All these scenes we boys saw with wonder, and talked them over on our way home through the lonely woods.

Our home always had an extra bed for preachers, and we boys would sit around the fireplace and hear them relate their remarkable adventures, and help carry those wonderful saddle-bags to their room. So we grew up, my brother growing to be a tall, handsome fellow, the favourite of all the pretty girls in the neighbourhood. How well I remember when he was compelled to remain away from home the first night! I thought morning would never come.

When we both reached the age of young

manhood, I am sorry to say I got into bad company. I associated with men older than myself, men who were noted for their sporting character and race horses. I soon had a race horse myself and then I learned to drink whiskey.

Never shall I forget one eventful night when I took my dear brother away on a long horse-back ride and gave him his first drink of whiskey. His astonishment when he found that I not only drank but that I actually had a bottle of whiskey in my pocket, was great; but I finally persuaded him to take that fateful first drink.

The war broke out, and my darling, handsome brother volunteered in the 90th Ohio Infantry. The day of his departure seems but yesterday. How I remember, with tears, to this day the dumb agony which almost killed me as we lay on the floor in our little parlor, locked in each other's arms! Must he leave me? How could I live without him? Could I not go too? Oh, no! I was lame for life, and they would not take me. At last the day came, and with the soul-stirring music of the drum and fife, and the brave tears and smiles and fond good-byes of father, mother, brothers,

sisters, sweethearts and neighbours, the regiment marched away. They took the train and went to swell the great army of the North.

Now and then a letter came in our weekly mail, which told of heavy marching, severe fighting and little to eat. At last, from a comrade came the heart-breaking news of my brother being wounded, sick, and probably dying, in a hospital at Nashville, Tenn. At once I determined to go to him. I got the money together, went to the county seat town, bought a ticket for Cincinnati, and took my first ride on a railroad, one hundred and twenty-five miles away. At Cincinnati, I had my first view of a river, the Ohio. It was very high, and covered with floating ice. To me it seemed certain death to embark on a steamboat to go down that river; nevertheless I went. At Louisville I had to halt for three days, for General Morgan had burned the bridges on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, but we got under way, and our train was the first to pass over the new bridges. All through Kentucky and Tennessee the ravages of war were everywhere visible. At Nashville, I saw dead mules in the streets, soldiers everywhere, and long trains of army wagons forever passing by.

I made my way with a beating heart to the hospital, an old college building, where my brother was said to be. When I went into the office and asked a soldier clerk about him, he said, after looking over the register:

“Your brother is dead. I think you will find him in the dead-house, an old frame building in the yard.” We failed to find him there among the many dead soldiers, and it was then discovered that he had been transferred to another hospital. On going there I heard that he had been carried to the depot. A tag had been put on his blouse ticketing him through to New Lexington, Ohio, and I had passed him at Louisville.

It required passes from headquarters either to get in or out of the lines, and I found it difficult to get away; but at last I reached home and found my brother, but oh, how changed! Not a bit of hair was on his head, and he weighed only sixty-nine pounds.

It was at this time that our father died. Mother died shortly after he enlisted. Our home was soon broken up, and my brother, regaining his health, soon re-enlisted in the Signal Corps. From this time on his promotion was rapid.

When the war was over, he came home and began life again; but drink and sin had made fearful inroads upon him. He drank heavily, but being a powerful man, it did not seem to make such havoc in his case as it did in mine; besides, when I drank whiskey I paid attention to it and did nothing else.

When Jesus so wonderfully and mercifully saved me, my first thought was for my brother, but he had become an unbeliever at heart, and I knew it would do no good to talk to him; so I talked to Jesus about it all the time. I told Him how I loved my brother, that I had given him his first drink of whiskey, and that I wanted him saved. I had been saved over four years, and Harry had watched me like a cat. God helped me to do some things which my brother knew no one but God, if there was one, could make me do. Then the drink seemed to get the best of him, and he got worse. As soon as I was saved, I slowly went up while he went down. I sent him an invitation to come to my opening at the Mission, and he saw "Big Jim" start for Heaven, but he was pretty full at the time.

"There," he said to himself, "if religion can do anything for that man, I will believe."

God took him at his word, and Jim was saved.

On the 28th of July, 1886, my dear brother came down to see me. He had been on a fearful debauch, and was trying the old, old racket of sobering up. I persuaded him to stay to supper. Our only sister was visiting us at the time, and she and my dear wife joined me in coaxing him to stay. He did so, and went down to the meeting. It was a very hot night, and only thirty-six people were present. But the house was full; the Holy Spirit had possession, and everybody was aware of it. After a very spiritual reading of the Scripture, with song and testimony, I gave the invitation, and to my unspeakable joy my brother not only raised his hand but rose to his feet and said:

“Pray for me.”

He came forward with some poor tramps, and we got down on our knees. How can I describe this scene! Here was my precious brother, for whom I had been praying so long, on his knees at our mercy-seat! My soul was too full for utterance. It was a solemn time. I dared not pray aloud myself—I feared I would break down, so I called on Brother Smith, my assistant, a blessed man of God, and

he took my brother in his arms of love and faith, and laid him at Jesus' blessed feet. Jesus took him, bless His dear name! Of course He did! And He has had him ever since. Harry was half deranged from the terrible effects of drink, and he turned to me in a sort of bewildered way and said:

"Why, Hopp, I can't feel bad any more."

"No, my precious brother," said I, "and you never will, for Jesus has taken away all your sins." He soon found it out. Oh, what a night that was! I hardly knew whether I was in the body or out of the body. My brother lived away up in One Hundred and Seventieth Street, in Tremont, and I went far on the road home with him. He came down nearly every night, and always spoke.

He had been quite a Tammany politician, and was counted a good lawyer, but the boys could not get him to drink. He did smoke, however, and many a rub did he get in Old Water Street Mission about it. Like most of the users of the weed, it would make him mad. But God, in His tenderness, soon showed him how to lean on Him, and he gave it up.

He soon got into Rescue Work as Superintendent of the Avenue A Mission. It was then

under the care of St. George's Church, and though they had been running it for three years, they had no converts, but men were converted from the very day my brother took hold of it.

After eighteen months' service there, he was called to start St. Bartholomew's Rescue Mission in East Forty-second Street, under the care of St. Bartholomew's Church, the Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Rector. After a successful trial in a store they had rented, through the efforts of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and his honoured mother, a large building was erected, costing with the real estate \$300,000, and the lower hall was fitted up for a Rescue Mission for my brother. One of the finest organs in the city was purchased, and one of the most efficient players in New York had charge of it. This was one of the sights of the city, and scores of poor drunkards were saved.

After being there seven years, my brother conceived the plan of introducing the Church Army into this country, and having it adopted as a branch of Rescue Work in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It had been, and is now, a very important branch of evangelistic and rescue work in the large cities of England, and is a part of the Church of England.

After a visit to England, the Church Army was duly incorporated and launched in this country under the Parochial Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which includes New York City and the surrounding towns. Bishop Potter designated my brother as General of the United States Church Army, and the work was begun with a fine prospect of success. In order to bring this about, my brother found it necessary to resign his position in the St. Bartholomew's Rescue Mission, and it has never been carried on since.

Two more large buildings similar to the first have been erected adjoining it on the east, and altogether, this is probably the busiest center of operations for missionary church work in this country. Tens of thousands of dollars are spent yearly to carry it on, and under the able and superior management of Dr. Greer and his corps of assistants, it is reaching and aiding more needy tenement house people by far than any other single church in the city.

A German church has also been started, the German converts from the Rescue Mission forming the nucleus of this congregation.

Colonel Hadley carried on the Church Army work in New York City, and many of the

larger Eastern cities, with great success. His rescue post in the "Red Light" district on the lower East Side will be long remembered. Church Army Posts were established in Jersey City, Yonkers, New Haven, Boston, and New Bedford.

Unfortunately, no financial plan had been perfected to assist Colonel Hadley, and he became heavily involved. With the tremendous pressure of work upon him, and the necessary expenses, he broke down under the ceaseless strain and was compelled to resign this important position.

Some years prior to this, the Christian Abstinence Union had been conceived by Mr. John S. Huyler, the great candy manufacturer. The idea was to have all people who were Christians and total abstainers wear a badge to show that they were not afraid to be known as marked men for God. The Grand Army men wear a button to show to all the world that they were a part and parcel of that illustrious conflict to preserve our beloved flag and country; and why not have those who are enlisted under the glorious and imperishable, blood-stained banner of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ wear a sign, clearly visible to all



COL. H. H. HADLEY.

the world, to show that they, for Jesus' sake, abstain wholly from alcohol of every description—this dreadful evil which has spread so far and wide even in the Church of the living God which He purchased with His own blood; there is hardly a church in our land which has not felt its deadly influence.

In 1892, Mr. Huyler, who is a splendid organizer, and my brother joined forces. The Society was incorporated according to the laws of the State of New York, with Mr. Huyler as President, Mr. George F. Langenbacher, Treasurer, Colonel Hadley, Vice-President and Superintendent. The badge is a blue button or pin with a white cross, a very pretty emblem indeed, worn on the coat or cravat.

For the last three years my brother has been giving his entire time to the blessed gospel of the Christian Abstainers' Union. It is non-political and interdenominational, and the most active Gospel Temperance work now carried on in any country. Its organ is "The Union Gospel News," of Cleveland, Ohio. This paper devotes a page each week, from my brother's pen, to the spread of this blessed and highly successful work.

Over a year ago the Colonel broke down

from heart disease and nervous prostration. Through the kind and skilful agency of the great Battle Creek Sanitarium and Dr. J. H. Kellogg, its president, my brother has so far recovered his health as to be able to go ahead in his work, and he is probably reaching more souls, preventing more boys from becoming drunkards and helping to rescue more men who are drunkards, than he has ever done during the entire fourteen years of his busy Christian life. His headquarters are at present at the Woman's Temple, Chicago, Ill. He has started since his conversion sixty missions, many of which are being successfully carried on to-day, and have become permanent soul-saving institutions. Thousands of drunkards have knelt at their altars and have become Christian men and women.

His noble, faithful wife has stood by him through it all. Among his eight children who are living, one is a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, and another, the youngest son, is fitting himself for the ministry at Cambridge, Mass.

The dear Old McAuley Water Street Mission is spreading itself all over the earth through its faithful converts. Praise the Lord!

“O the love that sought me!
O the blood that bought me!
O the grace that brought me to the fold!
Wondrous grace that brought me to His fold!”

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORK

XX

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORK

I WOULD like to give the reader, as he is seated in his comfortable room perusing this book, a glimpse of our work as it is carried on from day to day and from year to year.

We live in the Mission. The two upper floors are given up to the living rooms and the lower floor to the chapel, and we have in the rear a small kitchen, where we feed thousands of hungry men every year—in fact, no one is turned away who comes to us hungry. We have a large coffee boiler, and willing friends are around to attend to those who need help; and thousands come to us who, perhaps, have not had a bite to eat for days. They are always received kindly, and no questions are asked, and such food as we have is given them.

Upstairs is our home. That is where my beloved wife and our dear missionary, Mrs. Lamont are, and here one will find a great deal of social life. Here the converts meet, and we try to make everyone feel at home.

Some of the converts are at our home every day, and the dinner table is generally crowded. It is a great thing to have a man who once was happy in a lovely home, with friends gathered around him, supplied with ample comfort, but who has lost it all through drink, and who for years has known nothing but free lunches, and low restaurants, come into our dining room. We think it is a blessed gospel to ask him to our table and have him sit down to a hearty and wholesome dinner, and supplied with clean napkins, and no questions asked.

One time not long since a lady visitor from a distant city said to me:

“Why, Mr. Hadley, what nice-looking people these are seated around us! I am astonished to see such fine people.” I said to her:

“Don’t talk so loud. Every one here has a record except my wife and you and our missionary. The longest one is twenty years in the penitentiary.” She was so astonished that she nearly forgot to eat her dinner.

The doors of the Water Street Mission are open from early morning until late at night, and it is a veritable refuge for discharged convicts, drunkards, outcasts and men and women in every stage of moral and physical wreck.



MRS. SARAH SHERWOOD.



MRS. LIDA M. LAMONT.

Many by the very helplessness of their condition are induced to hear, and hope long since dead revives. Though they have only come in for a night's lodging, they call on Christ and are saved. Then it is our part to stand by them and help them grow in grace, and get so that they can earn an honest living. This is the most difficult problem we have to solve. We have no labour bureau nor, in fact, any organized method of securing work.

The best plan that we have ever tried, the one we have used most and have cause to depend on, is to teach men to pray that they may get work, and then to go and hunt for it. Of course, men who have betrayed every trust would be glad to have some one get them work, but we have found that a bad plan. We have found by long experience that if a man is soundly converted to God, he will get work as soon as the Lord thinks him fitted for it, and by the time he has walked over this town and wears out a pair of shoes, and has been turned down for a month or two, and finally has been driven to God in despair for aid, he begins to realize what it costs to get work, and what he has lost or thrown away. Meanwhile we stand by him and encourage him. The men

attend the meeting every evening and tell of their trials and victories.

The greatest strength of our meetings is the testimony of the converts. It is recognized as the drawing power to cause men to take courage and turn away from their drunken lives and trust Jesus. This dear name, Jesus, is the Alpha and Omega of our Gospel. "He that hath the Son hath life." So the Son, whose loving presence is ever felt and seen in our meetings, is our Ideal, and as He is continually spoken of and held up to the sinner's gaze, the Holy Spirit reveals Him to men, and the simplest can understand and accept the Friend of sinners.

Our meetings are held every night, and at three o'clock on Sunday. They are invariably led by one of the converts.

This work is distinctly of its own kind. I have never seen a Rescue Mission like it, and do not know of one.

We cordially invite pastors and friends from outside to come to our meetings, and are very glad to see them, but we do not need them to help carry on the work. There are not enough nights in the week for those of our converts to lead who are fully able to take charge of the

service. I am praying now that some other work may be opened soon that I may have more room for grand, redeemed drunkards to be free to work for God.

On our free supper nights the splendid looking fellows who pass through the congregation with the great heaped-up trays of bread and meat and the steaming pots of coffee are all our own men, who came needy and dying to our mercy-seat, where they found Jesus.

During the past year—1901—more than 46,000 people attended our services, the largest part of whom were homeless men and outcast drunkards. Over three thousand came up and knelt at our mercy-seat and prayed for themselves. We have on an average from thirty-five to fifty redeemed men present every night in our congregation. We rarely have time to hear all who wish to testify of their salvation from lives of drunkenness and shame.

The writer visits Sing Sing and other prisons, and in the public meeting invites the prisoners to come to hear him when their time expires. Generally from four to five hundred come each year, and some testify each night to having found Jesus. This kind of work is very difficult and expensive, but it pays, and I am thank-

ful indeed to have a Gospel which is strong enough and tender enough to go to the very mouth of hell itself and claim a victim for God.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred come here because they are absolutely dying. They have not a cent or a friend on earth, are unable to get a cent unless they steal it, and their clothing is scarcely fit for a ragman. Poor fellows! Bankrupt mentally, physically and morally, they come forward to our tear-stained benches and Jesus meets them there and they make a start.

Would that I could convey to the readers of this volume an idea of the needs of these poor lost men and women. Satan has a terrible hold on them through long years of habit, but the light enters, and we stand by and help and pray and love and do all we can for them. I fear sometimes that Christian people do not appreciate the far-reaching results of our work down here, or we would not have to make such struggles for money to carry it on. Most of our converts have come from homes of love and plenty, and were considered by their parents to be on the highway to success when they started out on the road of life; but they were swept down by some awful temptation and their downward

course was rapid. I have repeatedly seen men saved here while suffering from delirium tremens. Sometimes they are so drunk that they have to be helped up the aisle. Sometimes men are saved from drinking, smoking and chewing before they rise from their knees.

The tobacco question is a difficult one and not easily to be disposed of. Some men get under deep conviction about their tobacco, and if they do not give it up they fall, while others equally conscientious have no scruples about it, or seem not to have any.

One of our grand men was a fearful drunkard when he came here. He seemed unable to get help but for a short time. The last time he came up for prayers I had to send him to Bellevue Hospital with the horrors. This man was a perfect fiend after tobacco. After he was converted he would pick up cigar butts in the street, cut off the ends and chew them, because he could not buy any weed strong enough. He had work in the Street-sweeping Department, and after he was saved he became so ashamed that he would look all around before picking up cigar stumps, to see if he was being watched. Then he went to God and asked Him to save him from the habit. He went for a week with-

out it, and one day while sweeping the streets his agony was so dreadful that he thought he could stand it no longer. He looked at his watch, and it was nine o'clock, and as he was near a tobacco store he said:

"When it is ten o'clock I will go and buy a plug of tobacco." But when ten o'clock came he forgot all about it, and he has never wanted a chew since. The dear Lord saw that he was about to yield, and in His tender pity He removed the desire forever.

I have been unusually blessed with co-workers since I came here. Mrs. Sarah Sherwood was with us for ten years after we came to Water Street—Mother Sherwood, as we all called her. Probably this woman has shaken hands with more drunkards than any other woman in this city. She was of a distinguished Connecticut family. Two of her brothers have been Governors of their native State.

The converts of the Mission who knew Mrs. Sherwood will never forget her. She helped to bear their sorrows, and to share their joys. They all leaned on her in time of trouble, and backsliders always found in her a willing ear and a heart full of sympathy. At the same time, she dug them out, and if they were living

on false hopes she was quick to detect it. No one could more lovingly or skilfully uncover a liar or a fraud than she could, and after doing so no one would stand by them more lovingly and faithfully, helping them to right the wrong. Her sweet and gracious presence was well known in all the dens and dives about here, and when she entered a saloon or house of evil resort the swearing and vile talk instantly ceased and the barkeeper would not wait on customers while the "mission lady" was present. She procured hundreds of dollars from the merchants in the lower part of the city, and so amiable was her manner that invitations were extended to her to come again, and she was not slow to accept them.

Mr. Franklin Smith was also with us all this time—a tender, modest, lovable man, mighty in faith and prayer. He never knew the evils of drink, but he sympathized deeply with those who did. He died shortly after Mrs. Sherwood.

Mrs. Mary W. Bentley was also a missionary for some five years. She lived here, and her love and faith for lost men and women were boundless. I never saw her out of patience. She was drawn to men only because

they were sinners sinking down to destruction, and needed a friend. She was a great sufferer for months before her death, but always prayed for us to the last, and sent messages of love to those whom she loved and had led to Jesus.

A book could be written of either of these devoted Christian lives. These ladies had ample means to support themselves, but chose to come here to work, because here is where the sinners come, and here is where they can be reached.

Our present missionary, Mrs. Lida M. Lamont, our faithful and tireless friend, has been with us for over five years. My beloved wife and Mrs. Lamont are the only ladies who live in the building.

One of my assistants for five years was Mr. Harry E. Prentice, a redeemed man from England, who about a year ago went into business life; but he still holds his connection with us, and often leads our meetings on Sunday evenings.

Our present assistant is Mr. John H. Wyburn, who was saved in this Mission, while very drunk, over thirteen years ago. Three years of this time he was Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, and we are thankful to have him



JOHN H. WYBURN.
Assistant Superintendent

here now, and we trust that he will remain as long as we do.

Our Trustees are, John S. Huyler, President; B. DeF. Curtiss, Secretary; R. Fulton Cutting, Treasurer; W. T. Wardwell, Walter M. Smith, the Rev. J. Frederick Talcott, S. W. Bowne, Col. A. P. Ketchum, A. N. Ryerson and Christian F. Tietjen.

The reader will notice that our Board of Trustees comprise some of the grandest Christian men in the City of New York. I would be glad to speak of them individually in this book, for they richly deserve it. The love and patience and generosity with which they deal with the writer cannot be spoken of here, but I feel I must say a word about our President, Mr. Huyler. Who can ever measure in words what a blessing he has been to this work!

He came to us years ago when we were struggling for an existence. He was first brought to Water Street by Mr. C. H. Bernard, one of our beloved leaders. It was supper night, and it happened that on that very night our funds were exhausted. That was about fourteen years ago. The writer had informed the boys who composed this motley crowd that the supper money was exhausted, and they need not

come the next week. He was sorry, and was ready to cry, but the dear fellows relieved him by saying:

"We know you are sorry, Mr. Hadley, and we know you would give it to us if you could, and we are thankful for the suppers that you have given us each week during the past year." They spoke right out in meeting. At the close the usual invitation was given, and twenty-six men came up for prayers. Mr. Huyler sat among the congregation a very interested spectator. Just before we knelt for prayer he said:

"What are you going to do now?"

I said: "We are going to pray. Brother Huyler, pray for these poor fellows." Then came a silence, and I supposed I had made a mistake. But very soon a tearful voice began this petition:

"Oh, Lord! Brother Hadley says 'Pray for these poor fellows.' Dear Lord, I need praying for as badly as they do. Oh, Jesus, help me, and save us all!"

Never had I seen such an effect as was produced by this earnest, honest petition to the throne of grace. Dear Mr. Huyler wept; the poor drunkards around him wept, and the Holy Ghost came down. Quite a number were saved

that night in answer to this heartfelt prayer. From that night to this, Mr. Huyler has furnished the money for our free suppers once a week. The cost is about \$500 a year.

Brother Huyler loves men with the spirit of the Master, simply because nobody else loves them. He loves them because they are down. How many lessons has the writer learned from this devoted, busy, hard-working child of God! Often when business cares seem to overwhelm him he takes the time to have me come into his office and tells me of some poor, distressed man who has fallen, and fallen, and fallen, and perhaps has written him a letter, abusing him to the full extent of the English language. With tears in his eyes Mr. Huyler says: ♪

“Oh, Brother Hadley, how can we get hold of this poor fellow and bring him to Christ?” He loves his fellow men.

“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.”
John xiii: 35.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.



J. S. HUYLER.
President of McAuley Mission.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK. } ss.

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with any others that may hereafter become associated with us, for the promotion of the objects of said Corporation.

First.—That the Corporate name of said Association is declared to be, and shall be known as the “MCAULEY WATER STREET MISSION.”

Second.—That the particular business and objects of such Association are and shall be to do good to the souls and bodies of all who may come under its influence, by proclaiming to them the truths of the Holy Bible, and salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, by giving them religious instruction, by lifting up the fallen, by aiding the tempted, and encouraging them in their efforts to escape from their habits and appetites, and by providing a place to which whomsoever will may freely come for Christian worship and fellowship, for the promotion of Godliness, and for mutual encouragement in the Christian life.

Third.—That the number of Trustees for the first year of this Organization shall be three, viz. :

Sidney Whittemore residing at No. 85 Park Avenue in the City of New York, John D. Phyfe residing at No. 128 East 57th Street in



WAITING FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

the City of New York, and Alfrederick S. Hatch residing at No. 49 Park Avenue in the City of New York, who shall also be the directors and managers of the affairs of the Association under such by-laws as may be made for that purpose, and who shall have the power to appoint such officers as the business and objects of the Association may require.

Fourth.—That the principal office and place of business of the Association shall be in the City, County, and State of New York.

In witness whereof we have hereunto severally subscribed our names and affixed our seals in the City of New York this ninth day of December, Anno Domini 1876.

SIDNEY WHITTEMORE	[SEAL.]
ALFREDERICK S. HATCH	[SEAL.]
JOHN D. PHYFE	[SEAL.]
JERRY MCAULEY	[SEAL.]
FRANK STORRS	[SEAL.]

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK. } ss.

On this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, before me personally came Sidney

Whittemore, Alfrederick S. Hatch, John D. Phyfe, Jerry McAuley, and Frank Storrs, to me known to be the individuals described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and who severally acknowledged that they executed the same.

WM. C. MCKEAN,
[NOTARIAL SEAL.] *Notary Public.*
New York City and County.

I, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York in the First Judicial District, do consent to and approve of the filing of the within Articles of Incorporation.

Dated New York, Dec. 11th, 1876.

CHAS. DONOHUE,
Justice of the Supreme Court.

FORM OF BEQUEST

*I Give and Bequeath to the McAULEY
WATER STREET MISSION, located at
No. 316 Water Street, New York City, the
sum of \$.*

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